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“LOGSTOWN.”

FIXING THE SITE OF THAT HISTORICAL SPOT.

Interesting Reminiscences of Our Pioneer History—Early Indian Towns—Washington at Logstown.

The newspapers have teemed with articles upon the site of Logstown. Long ago this was settled in my mind, but I had no leisure to refer to the authorities.

In itself the site is unimportant, but in view of the remarkable events which have transpired there its location becomes a matter of historical interest. Preparatory to the question of site it is proper to refer briefly to the situation of this section of the country about the middle of the last century.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Before the year 1750 the country north of the Ohio was not inhabited by white settlers, a few traders only living at Indian villages, bartering for furs and peltries. About this time the French, who occupied Canada and Louisiana, and had routes of travel between them, from Lake Michigan by the St. Joseph, Kankakee, Missouri and Mississippi from Lake Erie by the Maumee, Wabash and Ohio, and more recently by the Allegheny (or Ohio as then known) became fearful of the intrusion of the English upon the Ohio region. In 1744 the English had, by a treaty, with the Delawares at Lancaster purchased lands of the Indians which the former construed to extend to the Ohio and over it, but which the latter contended did not reach that far. In 1748 Conrad Weiser made his journey to Logstown to ascertain the state of affairs and the temper of the Indians. The French, in 1749, in order to establish the evidence of their possession and title, planted leaden plates at various points along the Ohio, inscribed in a manner to indicate their intention. In the meantime the Virginia colonists were taking measures to settle this region, and in 1750 and 1751 Christopher Gist, under the orders of the Ohio Land Company, a Virginia association, made his exploration of the Ohio river as far as its falls. During this visit he arranged with the Indians for a council at Logstown in 1752. In 1753 the French, alarmed at the indications of English aggression, erected forts at Presque Isle (Erie) and Le Boeuff and then at Venango and Logstown. It was in consequence of the forts at Le Boeuff and Venango, Washington was sent by Virginia to test the intentions of the French. On his report arrangements were made to build a fort at the falls of the Monongahela and Ohio (as the Allegheny was then called). In April, 1754, while Capt. Trent's company of Virginians was engaged in building this fort, the French commandant Contrecoeur, coming down the Ohio (Allegheny) with a large body of French and Indians, com-

manded Ensign Ward, left in charge, to surrender, and then built Fort Duquesne.

INDIAN VILLAGES.

This was the general condition of the country at the middle of the eighteenth century. Now an examination of the map shows that the most eligible and direct route between the forks of the Ohio and Monongahela, and the lake country, and to the French forts, and the leading Indian villages at Logstown, mouth of Big Beaver, and along the Connoquenessing, Mahoning, Shenango, &c., was down the well known path on the right or north bank of the Ohio, and thence up Big Beaver creek. The large town of Kuskuskie, or Kuskushing, or Koskoskey, where King Beaver lived with a part of the Turtle tribe of the Delawares, lay on the west side of the Beaver, near to the mouth of the Mahoning. This is the town mentioned by Conrad Weiser and Christian Frederick Post in their journals of 1748 and 1753. At the mouth of the Big Beaver, on the east side, where Lower Rochester now stands, was the Mingo village of Sawkonk, or Sawkong. Going up on the same side (as the journals show) was Logstown, and below (where Beaver is) was a large well built Indian town. It was this route down the right bank of the Ohio Washington traveled on his visit to the French fort, of Venango (mouth of French creek), and Le Boeuff. To have crossed the Monongahela, and down the left bank of the Ohio would have been out of the way. This will be understood by the course of the river (the circumbendibus), which makes it but thirty-six miles across to Steubenville and by water about seventy-five, while to the mouth of Big Beaver is but twenty-eight. Geography shows also that when the French built the fort at Logstown on the right or north bank, it was at the only natural place for protection and travel, while to have gone to the south side and placed the Ohio between the fort and the path would have been unnatural and out of the way.

Again, to remove some difficulties arising from an ignorance of the original name of the stream, and to understand the location better it must be premised that at an early date the Allegheny was known as the Ohio, or Beautiful river, in the Indian tongue. The evidence of this is beyond contradiction. We may begin with the letter and map of Captain Robert Stobo to Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, written at Fort Duquesne July 28, 1754. Stobo was held there by the French as a hostage. In his letter he says: "On the other side you have a draught of the Fort, such as time and opportunity would admit at this time." This map gives the outline of the Fort and cornfields and gardens surrounding. It lies in the forks between the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, the Ohio being represented as much larger than the Monongahela. Across it lies the island since known as Killbuck or Smoky, and then comes the head of what is now known as the Ohio.

OLD FORT DUQUESNE.

The next evidence is a description of Fort Duquesne, given at Philadelphia, November 17, 1766, by John McKinney, who had been taken prisoner and carried to Fort Duquesne and thence to Canada, whence he had escaped. He begins by saying: "Fort Duquesne is situated on the right side of the Monongahela in the fork between that and the Ohio." Again, "Neither the Ohio nor the Monongahela can be forded opposite the Fort."

In the journal of Christian Frederick Post, a Moravian, on his visit to the Delawares, Shawanese and Mingo Indians, under date of 7th of August, 1758, we find the following entry: "7th.—We came in sight of Fort Venango, going to the French, situate between two mo-

tain in a fork of the Ohio river."

In a note to the Appendix of the History of Western Pennsylvania, "Loschiel" is given as authority that the Delawares, who inhabited the upper region of the Allegheny, called the river "Alleghewisippi," and the Iroquois called it "Ohio;" that is, "The Beautiful River."

In the French memorial of 1756 to the courts of Europe, in answer to an English memorial concerning the Ohio country, it is said: "The Ohio or La Belle Rivier forms a natural communication between Canada and Louisiana by the Lake Erie. The French, being concerned both to discover and preserve that communication, were the first to trace out the whole course of that river," &c., &c.

We come now to two documents of unquestionable authority. The treaty and purchase at Fort Stanwix, on the Susquehanna, made on the 5th of November, 1768, between the proprietors of Pennsylvania and the Six Nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagos, Senecas, Tuscaroras and Cayugas—in which the Indians granted to Thomas and Richard Penn "all that part of the province of Pennsylvania not heretofore purchased of the Indians." The description is too long to be copied. The material point is as follows—"to the West Branch of the Susquehanna then crossing the said river and running up the same on the south side thereof, the several courses thereof to the fork of the same river which lies nearest to a place on the river Ohio called the Kittanning and from the said fork by a straight line to Kittanning aforesaid, and thence down the said river Ohio by the several courses thereof to where the western bounds of the said Province of Pennsylvania crosses the same river."

TREATY OF 1784.

Next is the treaty and purchase, also at Fort Stanwix, on the 23d of October 1784. The treaty of 1768 had granted only the lands lying east and south of the Ohio—that is east of the Allegheny as now called. The treaty of 1784 granted all the residue west and north of the Ohio—that is west of now the Allegheny. The description in this treaty bounds on that of 1768 in identical language from the Susquehanna to the Ohio at Kittanning, and then by the Ohio to the western boundary of the state.

This account of the Ohio is valuable not only as an interesting piece of history, but as showing the entire mistake in the argument founded on crossing the Ohio to go to Logstown. In all the early journals in which crossing the Ohio is spoken of the crossing refers to the Allegheny, then known as the Ohio, and consequently to the path traveled to Logstown on the north bank of the Ohio, descending to the mouth of Big Beaver. Some of these journals may now be referred to, containing the early accounts of this region.

The first is that of Conrad Weiser, of Berks county. On the 11th of August, 1748, setting out from his dwelling in Heidelberg township, he passed the following leading points: George Croghan's, Tuscarora Path, Tuscarora Hill, Standing Stone (Huntingdon county), Frankstown. The Clearfields, (Clearfield county). August 25th "crossed Kiskeminetoes creek and came to the Ohio on that day." Here they hired a canoe to carry them to Logstown, which they reached on the 27th.

Leaving this interesting journal a few moments we may state some things which make Logstown a place of interest, and its site a matter of curiosity. Prior to 1730 the Delaware and Shawanese Indians had settled on the Ohio. Logstown was one of their towns but when built is not known. It was one of the trading posts of George Croghan, whose name yet survives, one of his descendants being the "hero of Fort Sandusky," and another

(whom the writer often saw at Henry Baldwin's office) married Mary, a daughter of Gen. O'Hara, his own daughter being the present Mrs. Captain Schenley. George Croghan dated his letter of December 16, 1750, to Governor James Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, relating to Indian affairs, at Logstown.

On the 18th of May, 1731, Mr. Croghan with Andrew Montour again visited Logstown to deliver presents to the Indians pursuant to instructions from Governor Hamilton. In his journal he says: "May 19th one of the Six Nations' Kings, from the heads of the Ohio, came to Logstown to the Council." "May 20th forty warriors of the Six Nations came to town from the heads of the Ohio." The Six Nations inhabited chiefly in New York where the Allegheny rises. On this occasion Croghan assisted by Montour, made a treaty with the Six Nations, and the Delawares, Shawanese, Wyandotts and Twightees.

Logstown was next the scene of the Indian treaty of 1752 in pursuance of the notice of Christopher Gist, before stated, who during his visit of exploration for the Ohio Land Association notified the Mingoes, Delawares, Wyandotts, Shawanese and Miamis to meet there to form a union among them and an alliance with Virginia.

"On the 9th of June, 1752, the commissioners from Virginia, Messrs. Fry, Lomax, and Patton, met the Red men at Logstown, a little village seventeen miles below Pittsburgh upon the right bank of the Ohio descending."—*Western Annals* 106.

WASHINGTON AT LOGSTOWN.

In 1753 Logstown was again made memorable by the visit of the great Washington. His instructions from the Governor of Virginia required him to proceed forthwith to Logstown on the Ohio, inform himself where the French forces have posted themselves, and thereupon to proceed to such place, present his credentials and demand an answer. He was on his arrival at Logstown to address himself to the half King, Monachatochoa, and other Sachems of the six nations, and ac-

quaint them with his instructions. It was on this visit he stopped to view the forks of the river, as a proper location of a fort. In his journal he says, "For a fort at the forks would be equally well situated on the Ohio and have certain command of the Monongahela," thus recognizing the Allegheny as the Ohio.

The location of Logstown as understood from Washington's journal was on the north side of the Ohio. The writer of Historical Collections of Pennsylvania, says on page 103: "In November, 1753, Maj. Gen. Washington arrived at Logstown, a little French and Indian village about fourteen miles below Pittsburgh, on the right bank of the Ohio on an errand to inquire into the movements of the French on those rivers."

Logstown was the scene of another council between George Croghan and the Indians in January, 1753. He reached Shannopins town, (about two miles up the Allegheny,) on the east side, and thence sat out to Logstown on the 14th. As he crossed the river at Shannopins, (near Wainwright's Island,) he evidently traveled the path on the north side of the Ohio to reach Logstown.

Returning now to Conrad Weiser's journal: When he reached Logstown on the 27th of August, 1748, he there held a council with the Indians. His descriptions of places all show that he traveled up the north side of the Ohio. Thus he came down the Big Beaver from Koskosky (Kuskushing) to Sawkunk, at the mouth of the Beaver, and thence went up to Logstown. The writer of the Western Annals also says: "Mr. Weiser proceeded to Logstown, a Shawanese village on the north side of the Ohio, seventeen miles below the

site of Pittsburgh, where he met the chiefs of the tribe, delivered presents to them, and received assurances of their support against the French." Page 96.

In July, 1758, Christian Frederik Post was sent from Philadelphia on a mission to the Delawares, Shawnees and Mingos, passing Logstown on his way up the Ohio to Fort Du Quesne. His route from Philadelphia was up to Bethlehem, across to Fort Augusta, on the Susquehanna, thence he came to within sight of Fort Venango, in a fork of the Ohio, on the 7th of August. Striking south to Kuskushing, on the Beaver, he thence came to an Indian village on the Connoquenessing, and finally reached Sawkunk, at the mouth of the Big Beaver, on the 20th. Thence he set out to Fort Du Quesne, reaching Logstown that night. Traveling on the north bank of the Ohio he came in sight of Fort Duquesne, and stopped opposite it for conference with the Indians. He here met Killbuck, after whom the island opposite the point was named.

A VILLAGE ON A HILL.

In October, 1758, Mr. Post made a second visit from Easton and Bethlehem to the Ohio. This time he traveled by Carlisle, Shippensburg, Raystown (near Bedford), and by the Loyalhanna to Kiskiminetas. Crossing the Ohio or Allegheny river on a raft, he also crossed the road from Venango to Fort Duquesne, came to Beaver creek, and down it to old Kuskushing, where he stopped from the 16th to the 29th of November, and reached Sawkunk at the mouth of Beaver on the evening of the 29th. He left this place on the 2d of December, and reached Logstown that evening. His description identifies the location fully. He says, "Came to Logstown, situated on a hill. On the east end is a great piece of low-land, where old Logstown used to stand. In the new Logstown the French have built about thirty houses for the Indians. They have a large corn field on the south side, where the corn stands ungathered." The river here runs from the south to the north, thus rendering it impossible to locate on the west side of the Ohio the new town on a hill, and the low land to the east, and a large cornfield on the south.

This account is more fully confirmed by the historical account of Col. Boquet's expedition against the Ohio Indians, in the year 1764, published in English and French ("Craig's Olden Time," vol. i, pp. 203, etc.). On page 243 is the following entry:

Friday, Oct. 5 [1764].—In this day's march the army passed through Logstown, situated seventeen miles and a half and fifty-seven perches by the path from Fort Pitt. This place was noted before the last war for the great trade carried on there by the English and French; but its inhabitants—the Shawanese and Delawares—abandoned it in the year 1750. [An error; should be 1758.] The lower town extended about sixty perches over a rich bottom to the foot of a low, steep ridge, on the summit of which, near the declivity, stood the upper town, commanding a most agreeable prospect over the lower and quite across the Ohio, which is about 600 yards wide here, and by its majestic current adds much to the beauty of the place. Proceeding beyond Logstown through a fine country interspersed with hills and rich valleys, watered by many rivulets, and covered with stately timber, we came to camp No. 4," &c.

THE PATH TO LOGSTOWN.

This being the journal of the march of an army under a most eminent soldier, it is evident that accuracy was a prime motive, and hence the path to Logstown was chained and the distance measured in perches. The description fits accurately the first and second bottoms on the Economy lands below the town. On the opposite or west

side of the Ohio, there is but one bottom and no low steep ridge and plateau or second bottom on which an upper town could be built. The hill is high and rises abruptly and steep to the height of several hundred feet above the single bottom at its foot. Nor does the description of the country below accord with that on the west or south side, while an army marching down that side, instead of reaching the Big Beaver would find itself on the opposite side and hemmed in by the high hill behind Phillipsburg, and compelled to cross the Ohio there. But the journal of the march proceeds: "Saturday, October 6, at about three miles distance from this camp (No. 4) they came again to the Ohio (at Freedom), pursuing its course half a mile further, and turning over a steep ridge (Rochester) they crossed the Big Beaver creek, which is twenty perches wide, the ford stony and pretty deep. It runs through a rich vale with a pretty strong current, its banks high, the upland adjoining it very good, the timber tall and young. About a mile below its confluence with the Ohio stood formerly a large town (now Beaver) on a steep bank, built by the French of square logs with stone chimneys, for some of the Shawnee, Delaware and Mingo tribes, who abandoned it in the year 1758, when the French deserted Fort Duquesne."

This abandonment of Logstown and all the Indian towns on the upper Ohio will be better understood from the statement that it was in the autumn of 1758 the English and colonial army under General Forbes took possession of Fort Duquesne on the 25th of November, the French having blown up the magazine and abandoned the fort before Forbes reached it, first having defeated Major Grant and the advance of the army on and near Grant's hill.

THE DOCUMENTS TO PROVE IT.

Nothing more is necessary to fix the site of Logstown; but to omit nothing material, reference may now be made to certain ancient maps, which, being cotemporary, leave the fact beyond dispute.

The first is a map by Joshua Fry and Peter Jefferson made in 1751, lately in possession of Gen. W. Reed & Co., Wood street, Pittsburgh.

Another is a most interesting map No. 98 in the "Atlas Universel par M. Robert, Geographie Ordinaire du Roy, et par M. Robert de Vaugonde, son fils, Geographie Ord' du Roy, et de S. M. Polonoise, Duc de Lorraine et de Bar, et Apocri' de Le' Academie des Science, et belle Lettres de Nanby, Avec privilege du Roy, 1757," now in possession of Boyd Crumrine, Esq., of Washington, Pa.

Both of these maps place Logstown on the north bank of the Ohio.

There is another map by Hutchins, but I have not found it as yet.

The Pennsylvania Historical Society's map, compiled by P. W. Shaffer, Esq., and others, follows all these authorities and places Logstown on the north side. To prevent misunderstanding when I say "north" side I refer to the general course of the river, which is about northwest from Pittsburgh to Beaver; but at Logstown or Economy, just above, the river runs nearly north, making these places lie on the east side.

Thus Logstown is a historic spot, though it has now disappeared and left not a "rack behind." It stood on the path from the forks of the Ohio to the French possessions and Indian towns in Northwestern Pennsylvania and what is now the state of Ohio, and was a place of councils and treaties, where the mercurial Frenchman, the Indian brave, the keen trader, and the shrewd colonist often met. Here firewater, beads and wampum belts often changed places with the furs and skins of the slain animals of river and forest.

One who reads the old documents and marks the state of the country one hundred and thirty years ago can scarcely realize the change from the wilderness roamed over by wild men and wild beasts to the civilized christian country filled with men of culture and intelligence, possessing all the luxuries of old nations, and covered with habitations, school houses and churches, with mills, factories, towns and cities. The Indian once owned it all; yet how significant the exclamation of the half king, Tanaharrison, a Mingo chief, when referring to the encroachment of the English and French coming in upon both sides of the Ohio he said to Christopher Gist "and where does the Indian's land lie?" The reflection is a melancholy one. A.

BEAVER, January 26, 1831.

Argus and Radical

CURTIS & BLISS, Proprietors.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Minerva Reno.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Minerva Lacock Reno took place Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Methodist Episcopal church. The deceased was born May 18, 1797, at the mouth of Brady's Run, on the Beaver, now the upper end of Bridgewater. Her father, Abner Lacock, was one of Pennsylvania's foremost men, representing Western Pennsylvania in the State Legislature, House of Congress and the U. S. Senate, achieving a reputation as a statesman of marked ability, when such men as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay graced our Legislative Halls. He came to this country in 1796 while it was yet a part of Allegheny county; and the first Court ever held in Beaver county, was held in his house.

August 29, 1816, the deceased was united in marriage to Lewis Reno, third son of Rev. Francis Reno, who was the first ordained Episcopal clergyman to settle west of the Allegheny Mountains, and came to Beaver county in 1799. Lewis Reno departed this life July 13, 1870. Of the eight children born to them but three survive, viz: Miss Aridue Reno, Mr. Dryden L. Reno and Mr. Atlas L. Reno, all of whom reside in Rochester. Mrs. James Darragh, nee Marion Reno, deceased, was the eldest of these children.

For more than 60 years grandma Reno was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal church. She was held in high esteem by all who knew her, and for many years was familiarly called "Aunt Nervie Reno" by old and young, but of late years has been "Grandma" to all. It is sad, indeed, to contemplate the breaking up of the "old home" and realize that there will be no more gatherings at "Grandma's."

FORT MINTOSH.

The Time When Beaver Was a Frontier Outpost of the Nation.

OLD-TIME MILITARY STRATEGY

The Series of Fortifications Planned in Washington's Time for the Control of the Ohio Valley--Historical Rambles in Western Pennsylvania.

April ——— 1888.

From Commercial Gazette.

Many matters of intense historical value in Western Pennsylvania have either not been written at all, or have been published in desultory form, and hence their significance, has been largely lost. In the present series of articles it is the purpose to collect and publish these fragments, and thus leave them, even in crude form, to be rearranged in the future by those abler to do the subjects justice.

Of course these rambles would be unsatisfactory should they fail to say something concerning Fort McIntosh.

Probably no point in Western Pennsylvania other than Fort Duquesne, or its successor in name, Fort Pitt, has been so full of historic interest as Fort McIntosh. Its location, its origin and the scenes enacted within and around it, have given it special significance. While it stood upon the banks of the beautiful Ohio, on the site of the present borough of Beaver, its mission was not considered complete when it afforded shelter to the few inhabitants and traders then living at various points within a radius of 15 or 20 miles. It was one of a series of fortifications by which the possession of the Ohio valley was to be maintained against the encroachments and assaults of Indian or British allies. Near the mouth of Big Beaver it gave calm security to the hardy adventurers who had dared to penetrate that rich and finally prosperous valley.

It is generally known that Fort McIntosh was erected in 1778 by Gen. Lachlin McIntosh, then commander of the Western Department, and named after him, but the reason of his being sent to command the department and thus afford his name an opportunity to be perpetuated even in so perishable an object as a wooden fort, is not generally known. This reason will be more manifest when a brief sketch of the subject is presented.

AN OLD TIME MILITARY COMMANDER.

Lachlin McIntosh was born near In-

verness, Scotland, in 1727. With his father he came, in 1736, to Georgia under the auspices of Gen. Oglethorpe. His father being taken prisoner and sent to St. Augustine. Lachlin was, at the age of 13, left to maternal care. His educational opportunities were exceedingly limited, but his naturally strong mind surmounted his many difficulties. Having reached manhood, he went to Charleston, where the standing of his father and his own personal appearance secured his recognition. He and Henry Laurens became warm friends, the latter taking him into his counting-room as clerk. Quitting his commercial pursuits he returned to his friends on the Altamaha, married and engaged in the duties of a land surveyor. He also studied military tactics, and when the war of the Revolution broke out espoused the cause of his adopted country. He was first appointed Colonel, and then, on the 16th of September, 1776, was made a Brigadier-General, which rank he held until the close of the war. In 1784 he was elected a member of Congress, and in 1785 was chosen one of the Commissioners to treat with the Southern Indians.

In the early part of 1777 a duel was fought between him and Button Gwinnett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a rival by whom he was persecuted. Gwinnett was jealous of McIntosh's rising power in Georgia, and did everything to arrest it. McIntosh finally denounced him as a scoundrel. A duel was the result. Both were wounded in the thigh. McIntosh recovered, but Gwinnett's died. McIntosh was, at the instance of Gwinnett's friend, tried for murder, but was acquitted. The local agitation produced in Georgia by this tragical affair threatened the stability of the Republican party in the State. To allay this feeling McIntosh consented to accept an appointment at the North offered to him by Gen. Washington. The result was he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Western Department, with headquarters at Fort Pitt. While thus engaged he built in the spring of 1778 the fort which was thenceforward known as Fort McIntosh, and led an expedition against the Indians in the Ohio country. Having completed the fort, he marched toward the Sandusky towns, on Sandusky bay, with 1,000 men. When he reached the Tuscarawas, the season was so far gone that further advance was deemed unwise. There he built a fort, which, in honor of the President of Congress, he called Fort Laurens, supply-

ing it with a garrison of 150 men, under command of Col. John Gibson; he returned with the remainder to Fort Pitt, uncrowned with the laurels of expected Indian victories.

In 1779 he returned to Georgia and participated in the siege of Savannah. He was present with Lincoln at Charleston where he was taken prisoner. After his release he went with his family to Virginia and remained to the close of the war. Returning to Georgia he found his property wasted, and himself reduced to comparative poverty. In this condition he lived at Savannah until the time of his death, which occurred February 20, 1806, in his 80th year.

In youth Gen. McIntosh was considered the handsomest man in Georgia. The following is Washington's estimate of the man: Gen. McIntosh "is old and inactive—supposed to be honest and brave. Not much known in the Union, and therefore would not obtain much confidence, or command much respect either in the community or the army."

FORT M'INTOSH.

The best description of the fort is that given by Arthur, one of the commissioners who visited the place in December, 1784, to make a treaty with the Indians. He says: "It is built of well-hewn logs, with four bastions; its figure is an irregular square [mathematicians would probably say a trapezoid—R], the face to the river being longer than the side to the land. It is about equal to a square of fifty yards. It is well-built and strong against musketry." It contains within its enclosure, marks of which are yet

visible on the banks of the river, between Beaver proper and the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad, which runs beneath the embankment, about one-half acre of ground. The greater portion of this space is now found within a street, while the remainder, which contained the officers' quarters, lies within a lot at present owned by Hon. M. S. Quay United States Senator.

Supplies of water were reached in cases of necessity by an underground passage to the river. In addition a large spring in the hills north of the fort, and since used as public water supply for the borough of Beaver, was then available. Provisions for the garrison came from Fort Pitt either down the river or across the country by what is known as the Broadhead road. This was cut in a tortuous course from Fort Pitt to the hills on the opposite side of the Ohio river, through which a passage to the ferry was opened.

This ferry served an excellent purpose long after Fort McIntosh was abandoned.

Much diversity of sentiment existed both as to the propriety and the manner of constructing the fort. Gen. McIntosh evidently regarded it a success, for in a letter from Fort Pitt, dated December 29, 1778, just after its completion, he says to Vice-President Bryan: "I erected a good strong fort for the reception and security of prisoners and stores, upon the Indian side of the Ohio, below Beaver creek, with barracks for a regiment". This sentiment, however, was not shared by his successor as commandant of the Western Department, Col. Daniel. Broadhead. In a letter dated Fort Pitt April 16, 1779, and addressed to Maj. Gen. John Armstrong, relative to an incursion into the Indian territory to capture Detroit, one of the favorite schemes of McIntosh, he uses this rigorous language concerning his predecessor: "Gen. McIntosh was more ambitious. He swore that nothing less than Detroit was his object, and he would have it in the winter season. In vain was the nakedness of the men, the scanty supplies, worn out, starved horses, leanness of the cattle and total forage, difficulty under such circumstances of supporting posts at so great a distance in the enemy's country and other considerations urged. * * * *"

And it was owing to the General's determination to take Detroit that the very romantic building called Fort McIntosh was built by the hands of hundreds who would rather have fought than wrought."

TOO MUCH MILITARY SUPERVISION.

Again in a letter to Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Greene, dated May, 26, 1779: "I am glad Gen. McIntosh is to go to the southward, and I really wish him success; but if he is to have command there we may be soon informed that his temper is disagreeable to the inhabitants and others there as well as those in this district. * * The regular troops and new levies were equal to such an undertaking [viz., an incursion into the enemy's country], but Gen. McIntosh's views were much more extensive, and he was determined to take Detroit, with this view began to build a fort at much labor and expenses at Beaver creek, and consequently kept at least 1000 militia in the field who might have been better employed putting in their fall crops and taking in their corn, which was chiefly lost for want of their attendance."

Col. Broadhead, it seems, was thoroughly disposed to have his say on every subject; hence we are not surprised to

find him writing, under date of June 5, 1779, to Gen. Washington in this strain concerning Fort McIntosh: "There is neither meadow, garden, pasture, or spring water convenient to that post."

Col. Broadhead was in command of the department from the spring of 1779 to the autumn of 1781, when he was relieved by Gen. William Irvine, formerly of Cumberland county. During the administration of the former, however, a scene occurred in the harvest season of 1780 worthy of being related. In the early part of July, probably about the 15th, a party of some thirty Wyandot Indians crossed to the south side of the Ohio river, five miles below McIntosh, and hid their canoes on the bank of the stream. Their object, it seems, was to come upon the defenseless harvesters in the fields. As soon as Col. Broadhead received intelligence of this movement he ordered out two squads of militia, near at hand, to go in search of the savages and protect the harvesters. At the same time Capt. McIntyre was detached from the fort with a party to form an ambuscade opposite the enemy's crafts. Five men who were reaping a field discovered the marauding Indians, and underestimating their numbers, went out to attack them. Four of their own number were immediately killed, and the remaining man was taken prisoner. This all occurred before the militia were collected for duty. When the Indians returned to the river they in turn were attacked by Capt. McIntyre. Many of their number were killed and wounded two canoes were sunk and their prisoner recaptured. The water was so deep that the bodies of the sunken savages could not be found, and hence the number of their killed could not be ascertained. The Captain's men, however, captured some plunder, which consisted of two guns, six blankets eleven tomahawks, eleven paint-bags, a large brass kettle and numerous other articles.

GEN. WILLIAM IRVINE.

It has already been stated that Gen. William Irvine succeeded to the command of the Western Department in the autumn of 1781. Like Gen. Mercer, of Revolutionary fame, he was both a medical and a military man of whom little is generally known. He was born near Enniskillen, Ireland, in the year 1740. He was thoroughly educated at the university of Dublin, and having studied both medicine and surgery he was given an appointment as surgeon in the British navy. In 1763 he migrated to America and located in Carlisle, where he soon

became a leader in his chosen profession. In 1774 he became conspicuous in the political events of Cumberland county, and was appointed a delegate to the Provincial Convention. His strong inclination toward military life secured for him from Congress a commission as Colonel of the Sixth Battalion. He was ordered to Canada, where he was captured. He subsequently became Colonel of the Seventh Battalion of Pennsylvania troops. In 1779 he was commissioned a Brigadier Gen. and served under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Subsequently he was ordered to Fort Pitt to supersede Col. Broadhead. He was engaged in allaying the troubles arising from disputed

boundary between Pennsylvania and Virginia. He was a member to the convention to form the Constitution of 1790, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces to suppress the whiskey insurrection in 1794. He was also a commissioner to treat with the dissaffected persons in that unhappy affair.

He married Anne Calleder, of Cumberland county. He removed to Philadelphia in 1801, and died in that city in July, 1804, at the age of 63 years.

TAKEN BY THE STATE.

During Gen. Irvine's period nothing of great significance occurred at McIntosh. In fact it was rapidly passing from National to State use, the Revolutionary war having substantially closed. With this condition of things promised, we are prepared to understand the following instructions given at Fort Pitt, September 23, 1783, to William Lee and John McClure: "You are to take immediate charge of the fort, buildings and public property now remaining at the post of McIntosh for and in behalf of the State of Pennsylvania (except two pieces of iron cannon and some water casks, the property of the United States) and 3,000 acres of land reserved for the use of said State. When the tract is surveyed you will attend and make yourselves acquainted with the lines; in the meantime you will consider it extending two miles up and down the river, and two miles back. You will take care that no waste is committed or timber cut down or carried off the premises, and prohibit buildings to be made or any persons making settlements or to reside thereon, or form even hunting encampments, nor any more families to be permitted than your own to live in the barracks or any part of the tract. In case of necessity for reoccupying the post for the United States you are to give up

the fort to the orders of the commanding Continental officer at this place, retaining only such part of the buildings as may be necessary for you to live in. But if the troops should be so numerous as not to afford room for you, you will in that case occupy the buildings without the works, or build for yourselves on some convenient place; but you will on no account whatever quit the place without orders from the Executive Council of Pennsylvania or their agent so to do, whose directions you will hereafter obey in all matters relative to said post and tract of land. In case of lawless violence, or persons attempting to settle by force, or presuming to destroy anything on the premises, you will apply to Michael Hootnagle, Esq., or some other Justice of the Peace for Westmoreland county.

For your care and trouble in performing in the several matters herein required you may put in grain not exceeding 100 acres, and keep or raise stock to the number of fifty head of horned cattle and eight horses. You will govern yourselves by these instructions until the pleasure of the Honorable Council is signified to you, and you will give up peaceable possession to them or their order whenever they may think proper."

AN IMPORTANT INDIAN TREATY.

McIntosh was the scene of one of the most important treaties with the Indians held west of the mountains. By the treaty of Fort Stanwix, N. Y., closed October 22, 1784 between the United States and the Iroquois Indians, all claims of the great Northern confederacy of Six Nations (Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Tuscarawas) to land west of the western boundary of Pennsylvania were extinguished. It then remained to treat with the Western Indians to secure to the United States a title to said territory. For that purpose the Commissioners to represent the United States were Arthur Lee, Richard Butler and George Rogers Clark, three distinguished and honorable civic and military gentlemen. They came to Fort Pitt on the 5th of December, 1784. It was at first supposed the treaty would be held at Cuyahoga, but owing to the difficulty of traveling the purpose was changed, and it was decided to invite the Indians to come to Fort McIntosh. Mr. Alexander Lowrey was deputed as a messenger for that purpose.

In order to have the fort in proper condition, and afford safety to the conference, Lieut.-Col. Josiah Harmar, then commanding Pennsylvania troops in the ser-

vice of the United States, sent thither three companies of infantry and one of artillery, in all about 240 men.

The Indian tribes represented in the conference were the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Chippewas and the Ottawae. The native commissioner of the Delawares was the distinguished Buckongahelas. After many delays in securing the presence of both State and National representatives, as well as the delegates from the various tribes, the treaty began on the 21st of January, 1785. It is safe to say no stenographic reporters or Associated Press representatives were in attendance to herald the proceedings to the four corners of the land to be displayed the following day in flaming headlines and read by news-loving people.

ANCIENT BOUNDARY LINE.

By the third article of said treaty it was declared that "the boundary line between the United States and Wyandot and Delaware Nations shall begin at the mouth of the river Cuyahoga and run thence up said river to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; then down the said branch to the forks at the crossing-place above Fort Laurens; then westwardly to the portage of the Big Miami, which runs into the Ohio, at the mouth of which the fort stood which was taken by the French in 1752; then along the said portage to the Great Miami or Orme river, and down the southeast side of the same to its mouth; thence along the south shore of Lake Erie to the mouth of Cuyahoga, where it begins."

Not, however, until after St. Clair's defeat, November 4, 1791, and the brilliant victory of Wayne over the Indians at the rapids of Maumee in August, 1794, were the provisions of the treaty at McIntosh fully confirmed and established and the whites given undisputed control of this vast Western territory. These inestimable rights were secured by the treaty of Greenville in 1795.

After this treaty at Fort McIntosh in 1785 there was little need of the garrison. The structure eventually fell into a state of "innocuous desuetude." The buildings were gradually destroyed so that when the borough of Beaver became the county seat of the new county only the debris of McIntosh remained to indicate

the site of this revolutionary defense. Spade and pick industriously assailed the ground and rubbish of the place, and found cannon balls, musket balls, buttons, coins, pipes and other interesting

and valuable relics of colonial days. These relics may be seen in Beaver to-day in great variety and profusion.

Since McIntosh was abandoned steamboats, and railroads, and power presses, and threshing machines, and telegraphs, and telephones, and sewing machines, and the Constitution of the United States, and coal oil, and natural gas, and 'strike,' and rebellions, and Magwums have all been brought into existence. Truly times have changed.

J. FRAISE RICHARD.

—The centennial of the establishment of the first theological seminary on the western continent was this week celebrated by the United Presbyterians at the little village of Service, in Beaver county. All that remains of the old seminary building are the walls of the two story log hut, the interior divisions having long since rotted away. The centennial services lasted several days, and were attended by a large number of the prominent members of the United Presbyterian church. In 1821 this seminary was removed to Canonsburg, where it remained until 1855, when it was removed to Xenia, Ohio, its present location.

24th. The Economite Society. 1887

The eighty-fifth anniversary of the Economite Society was celebrated at Economy, Penna., on Saturday and sixteen new members were taken into the society. The new members are Dr. Benjamin Fecht and wife, Harry Fecht and wife, John Duss and wife, Julius Stickle and wife and daughter, aged eighteen; C. Herman and wife, Mrs. Hoeh, Herman Fleher, Jacob Nicholae, Hugo Muller, Ed. Kellman, Plasius Platz and Sigmonel Stiefvatter. As in the case of the other members the converts took vows of celibacy and from this time the husbands and wives shall nevermore bear that relationship to one another. The society numbers now, including the accessions to-day, less than fifty persons, and a majority of them have reached four score years. They own nothing as individuals, but their wealth as a society is variously estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$35,000,000. It is said that a number of law suits will grow out of the admission of married folk to the society. All members of the sect are compelled to transfer all their worldly possessions to the society common fund. Heirs of such persons threaten to bring suit against the Economite association for depriving them of their legal rights to fortunes which would otherwise fall to them on the deaths of their relatives.

From *Agnes & Padie & L.*
Beaver, Pa.

Date, *Jan 27/92*

PHILLIPSBURG.

About the year 1828 William Elliot, Esq., came from the State of Ohio, and purchased a farm three miles south of the Ohio river, in Moon township. His wife was a devoted Methodist, and a truly pious woman, having at heart the advancement of the cause, advocated by the church of her choice, the conversion of men and the spread of the Scriptural holiness throughout the land. Mr. Elliot was also a great friend of the itinerant ministers, as evidenced by his hospitality in affording them shelter and entertainment at his home when making their trips through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. At this time services were often held in Mr. Elliot's house. The Revs. Richard Armstrong, Joshua Monroe, and others preaching. In the year 1834 the writer was baptized by the Rev. Armstrong, who, preaching at the residence of Mr. Elliot, in the evening, called at my father's home the next morning and administered the Sacrament of Baptism to myself and two other children. In 1841 Philip Cooper, Esq., from the State of Ohio, bought a farm in the same township, five miles south of Phillipsburg, near New Sheffield. They were also of the Methodist faith, and their home became the home of many of the ministers of those days. The Cooper family were highly esteemed, as deeply pious, characterized by Christian consistency, and contributing to the advancement of the church in the community. Dr. John Cooper, of Allegheny City, is a member of this family. The Rev. Cornelius Jackson, and others frequently preached at Mr. Cooper's residence, and other places in the county, and near the same time, the Rev. R. Hawkins, then pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, in Bridgewater, Pa., preached in a log house unoccupied on the farm of Mr. Jesse Johnston. This appoint-

ment, however, only lasted a short time. In 1844 the Rev. Joshua Monroe, of Beaver, Pa., preached at the residence of Mr. Wm. Elliot, a few times, the regular appointment being at that time in a school house near the Presbyterian church. This appointment also was only of short duration, the school directors for some cause, finding it necessary, according to their judgment, to close the doors of the school house against Father Monroe. As there was neither school house nor church available, no services were held by the Methodists for several years after this time. There never was any organized society of the M. E. church effected until the year 1858 when the Rev. John Murray, of Bridgewater, during the summer season preached at what was called the Davis school house. A two days' meeting, commencing October 1, was held, and a class organized, as a result of the earnest and arduous labors of Rev. Murray. Thus the society was properly organized, and placed under the care of the Rev. L. McGuire, pastor of the Shousetown charge. The following winter a remarkable revival occurred under the ministry of Rev. McGuire, and as the result, 40 persons were received into the membership of the church. At the annual conference in the spring of 1859 the Rev. McGuire was returned to the charge, with the Rev. T. W. Boyle as his colleague. The following summer a campmeeting was held on the farm of Corbon Prophater, under the direction of the above-mentioned ministers, and Rev. Dr. C. A. Holmes, Presiding Elder, of the district. A church was erected the next fall on the same grounds of the campmeeting, which was dedicated by Dr. Holmes in December, 1859, and named McGuire's Chapel. The accessions received at the campmeeting and the dedication increased the membership to about 100. The chapel remained of the Shousetown circuit until 1864. The Rev. J. V. Yarnal was then appointed preacher in charge, with Dr. William Cox as his Presiding Elder. A building committee was appointed by them contemplating the erection of a church in Phillipsburg, three miles north of the chapel. In the spring of 1865 Phillipsburg was attached to the

chapel as one charge, the Rev. Yarnal returning as pastor. Services were held that year in the Phillipsburg public school house, during which time the erection of a church building was commenced, which was not completed until the next spring on account of the extremely cold winter. In the spring of 1866 the Rev. Thomas Patterson was appointed to the charge, and on May 6, 1866, of the same year, the church was dedicated by the Rev. J. J. McIllyar, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. Horner. McGuire Chapel is now connected with the Hookstown Circuit. Phillipsburg has become a self-supporting station, having as its pastor the Rev. A. H. Davies. Many of the good, faithful, and untiring workers, who labored during the early history of the church in this township, encountering hard struggles for the victory, both of the ministry and laity, have fallen asleep awaiting the resurrection of the just. "They rest from their labors and their works follow them." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

DANIEL CAREY.

From *Argus & Radical*
Beaver, Pa.

Date, *Jan. 27/92*

The Taking Leave of the Old Brick Presbyterian Church of Beaver — Sacramental Services in the Forenoon — Sabbath School Memorial Services in the Afternoon. Farewell Services in the Evening

In 1797, as near as the date can now be ascertained, the Presbyterian church of Beaver was organized. A year later, at any rate, in the records of Redstone Presbytery, in whose limits Beaver town was included, is found a mention of Beaver town as making application for supplies.

August 31, 1813, Rev. Ezekiel Glasgow was installed first pastor of the church. The present church building was erected in 1827 and remodeled in 1869. On the walls of the church yesterday was inscribed in letters of living green the names of the worthy

departed pastors and Sunday school superintendents. On the right of the speaker were the names of the deceased pastors: Glasgow, Maclean, Patterson, Quay, Critchlow and Lowary, and on the left the deceased S. S. superintendents: Henry, Marquis, Todd, William, Wilson, Coulter, Stokes and McCreery.

The house was further decorated with evergreens, and the elaborate preparations made showed that the congregation realized that the leaving of the old venerable structure was not only an event of historical importance, to be suitably commemorated, but represented an epoch in the history of the organization. The church had been planted in the wilderness, but the blasts of adversity had caused its roots to take deep hold in the soil, and it had grown and prospered until to-day its membership numbers nearly if not quite 350, and its Sunday school over 400. It has been a church of great influence—a mother church to many offspring and the gate through which many souls have entered into the kingdom.

The new church building which has been erected on College avenue, is a lasting monument to the pluck, energy, devotion and self-sacrificing spirit of the Beaver Presbyterians. The edifice is beautiful, commodious, convenient and thoroughly complete in all its details. This church, under these circumstances, will certainly be pardoned for indulging in considerable self-glorification. It has a right to point with pride to its achievements, not in the way of vanity, but as rejoicing in the good work that has been done for the Master.

The services in the morning were sacramental, the pastor being assisted in the distribution of the elements by Rev. Dr. W. G. Taylor and Rev. Parkinson. The pastor, Rev. J. K. McKallip, preached a sermon from the words found in the Song of Solomon, 1:7 8, emphasizing the words: "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock." The sermon was exceedingly solemn and impressive, and an appropriate preparation for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which followed.

The afternoon was taken up with

the memorial services of the Sunday school. The house was crowded and great interest was manifested in the proceedings. J. M. Buchanan, Esq., the most successful superintendent the school has ever enjoyed, conducted the services, which passed off in excellent shape. The exercises consisted of singing, recitations, reading of memorial papers and a history of the school by W. C. French, Esq.

Miss Dale Diven recited an appropriate poem of tearing down the old church which, although unlike in resemblance, suggested Morris' poem "Woodman Spare That Tree."

Memorial tributes were read by Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, Mrs. Chandler, daughter of Rev. Critchlow, the deceased pastor. Mrs. H. M. Donehoo and Miss Anna Stokes.

Miss Margaret Lowary, daughter of the late deceased pastor, read a beautiful and exceedingly appropriate leave taking letter from James H. Stokes, a former member, now of Nebraska.

Mr. Buchanan read a letter from Rev. Jelly, regretting his inability to be present.

Speeches were made by Rev. W. G. Taylor, Judge J. J. Wickham and Major Thomas Henry, the first one a former pastor and the latter, members of the Sabbath school in days gone by. These reminiscences were enlivened with a play of humor, and were intensely interesting.

The evening services were well attended, the house being crowded to its utmost. Rev. W. G. Taylor delivered the memorial address, which was replete with vivid recollections of the men and women who, when he was pastor, put their shoulders to the wheel and made things move. It is impossible to give a report of these reminiscences.

The pastor, Rev. J. K. McKallip, followed in a masterly summing up of the days exercises, and a final appeal, founded on them, to the true unsaved to come forward, before the old church doors were forever closed, and give themselves to the Lord. Thus ended the "Leave Taking." It was long drawn out, as all tender farewells are, but it was a memorable occasion and will long be remembered as one of the bright spots in the history of the church.

From *Times*
Beaver, Pa.
Date, Jan. 28/92

GOOD-BYE, OLD CHURCH.

According to announcement, the old Presbyterian church was crowded Sunday morning by an audience deeply interested in the impressive services which were programmed to take place. Interesting Sunday school services were held at 9:30; at 11 A. M. the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, the sermon being preached by the pastor, Rev. J. K. McKallip, assisted by Revs. W. G. Taylor and A. M. Parklison. Fifteen persons were received into membership on confession of faith and by letter. However the memorial services were not held until 2:30 P. M., at which Rev. W. G. Taylor preached a short sermon, followed by a paper, read by Mrs. S. B. Wilson, in which she paid a touching tribute to the memory of Prof. Samuel Logan Coulter, a former superintendent of the Sabbath school. A paper was also read by Mrs. H. J. Chandler, of Rochester, in which she made special reference to the pastorate of her father, Rev. Dr. Benj. Critchlow. Dale Diven rendered "The Old Church" in a feeling manner. Supt. J. M. Buchanan read a list of officers, teachers and scholars of the Sabbath School in 1848. Among the latter appeared the names of Judge Wickham and Major Thos. Henry, who being present, were called on for remarks, and responded with brief addresses. Mrs. Capt. H. M. Donehoo read an interesting paper on the choirs of the old church. Miss Maggie Lowary, of New Brighton, read a letter from James H. Stokes, of Omaha, a former member of the school. Miss Anna Stokes read a paper in which she gave her recollections of the school in former years, followed by the reading of a letter by Supt. Buchanan from Rev. Jelly, a former member of the school. W. C. French read a carefully prepared history of the school, and the exercises closed by singing "Auld Lang Syne." In evening the pastor preached his farewell sermon. Rev. W. G. Taylor also entertained the large congregation present with many interesting reminiscences of the old church and its members. The old structure was erected 65 years ago, but has undergone considerable remodeling, to

conform, as far as possible, to modern architecture. But at last it must go, and on next Sunday the congregation will worship in their beautiful new edifice on College avenue, which will be dedicated with appropriate services on that day.

Brown Recorder.
New York
Date. Sept. 4/92

QUAINT ✓ MILLIONAIRES

Thirty-five of Them Own the Town
of Economy.

ACTORS IN A STRANGE DRAMA.

When Father Henrici Dies What Will
Happen?—The Remarkable
Rise of John Duss.

A strange drama is being enacted down in Western Pennsylvania, and the climax cannot be much longer delayed. It involves vast financial interest, beautiful scenes wherein the action progresses and characters sharply contrasted in strength and weakness, in humor and pathos.

First, there is the figure of an old man tottering on the edge of the grave. His name is Jacob Henrici. Next there comes a younger man, a stalwart, shrewd, diplomatic fellow of 32. His name is John Duss. Behind these two there are about thirty-five other figures, quaint old characters in blue jeans and old bell-crowned hats, blue calico gowns and enormous sunshades. They are Economites. Somewhere in the shadowy background is a great pile of wealth, estimated at \$30,000,000 or \$35,000,000, and the first clod which falls on Father Henrici's coffin will be the signal for events which will attract the attention of the whole country.

It was about 1804 that George Rapp came to America from Ueptingen, Wurtemberg. Father Rapp, as he was called, had attempted to found a society in Germany, but had been prosecuted for working against the churches. So, accompanied by his followers, he came to this country with the intention of purchasing a tract of land in the old French province of Louisiana. When he reached Pittsburg, however, he learned that the United States Government had purchased the province from France. He heard then of a tract of land for sale in Butler County, Pa., so he bought 1,500 acres there and founded Harmony.

His idea was to organize a sort of apostolic society and revive the old days, when

everything was laid at the feet of Peter and John and no one owned anything except in common with the others. After ten years in Butler County, Father Rapp removed to Vincennes County, Ind., where he founded New Harmony. Another ten years were spent here, but the ranks of the society were thinned by swamp fever and in 1824 a new site was looked for.

David Shields then purchased for Father Rapp from the Blaine family and others, between 2,500 and 3,000 acres of land in the Ohio Valley, 18 miles from Pittsburg. At that time the society numbered nearly a thousand members, and in 1825 the quaint old village of Economy was built and occupied by the followers of Father Rapp. It received its name from the German word, *economie*, which means a model farm or estate.

The society has some peculiar tenets. In the first place, celibacy is enjoined on the members. Husbands and wives may join the society, but on so doing they become as brother and sister. They may occupy the same house, however, and if they have had children, the family life goes on just the same. But they are husband and wife no longer. The Economites have a cheerful and nonchalant way of saying that they are the individuals referred to in the Bible as "a peculiar people" and "the first fruits." They claim that they will constitute the 144,000 who are to stand somewhat aloof at the final judgment, and sing a song which no one else knows. They generously claim, however, that every one will be saved eventually, but that they themselves will enter much more speedily into the joys prepared for the redeemed.

But the peculiarity of their religious beliefs and practices pales into insignificance beside the extremely unique character of their business methods. The affairs of the society are in the hands of a Board of Elders numbering nine, and two members of this board are trustees with almost absolute power. When a man joins the society, he relinquishes all right or claim whatsoever to any property which he may own at the time. He resigns any individual claim to any portion of the property of the society, and gives to the trustees absolute authority to buy, sell, transfer or mortgage property, with power of attorney for all such transactions. The society is not incorporated, but is simply an extensive partnership. The two trustees, however, do all the business, and keep their transactions just as secret as they choose.

The first split was when Count Leon, an adventurer from Germany, came over and joined the society. He spread dissension in the ranks and finally in 1832, 200 of the members seceded and went away with the wily count. There were 700 members left, however, and as late as 1845, 300 able-bodied men and women used to turn out in haying time, while a couple of hundred other workers remained at home. Naturally, these frugal, industrious people added more property to their possessions, until now they have about 3,000 acres of land around Economy, a sawmill, a planing mill, a \$500,000 brick yard, 12,000 acres of land in Warren County, Pa., 2,800 acres near Ann Arbor, Mich., and some farms in Kansas. In addition to this they own considerable railway stock, although not so much as formerly.

But while their possessions were piling up, the membership was gradually thinning out, until at present there is the following little statement to meditate over: The



Father Henrici
Going to Church..

Knight



The Executive
Mansion



A Group of
Economites.



An Old
Member

value of the Economite property is sometimes estimated even as high as \$40,000,000, and the number of members (or owners), is thirty-five. This would make each member a millionaire, but instead of that they simply receive their board, lodging and clothing. They do not even know what is being done with their wealth. When Father Rapp was alive a statement was read to the members every New Year's Day, showing the balance sheet for the year. But the custom was discontinued and now the members are in complete ignorance concerning the finances of the society.

Everything in Economy is systematized. There is no hurry, no excitement. There are about 400 people living in the town, but during the day the men are away at the mill or in the fields, and the place is almost as quiet and dreamy as a deserted village. Not quite, however, for an occasional woman goes along the brick walk en route to the bakery or the washhouse. The streets are grass grown except for a stretch of dust in the centre, and dozens of chickens skurry excitedly from under the hoofs of the infrequent horses. The houses are built on one pattern, a two-story structure of red brick with white-sashed windows of many panes, and with great iron clamps rusting slowly away at either end. Not a house opens upon the street. They stand flush with the walk, but you must go into the yard at the side before you will find a door by which to enter. High picket fences inclose these little paved yards, and in each fence is cut a small opening for the accommodation of the chickens who give almost the only sign of activity to the streets.



Church.

The hotel is a large frame building, with the hip roof which seems to be reserved in Economy for the height of architectural magnificence. There is a parlor with the most slippery of hair cloth furniture and an office which is deserted generally except in the Winter, when a dozen old men gather on the broad bench behind the stove. The hotel is the boarding place for a good many of the hired workers and it is the goal of all the sleigh riders and hayrack parties from the neighboring towns.

Back of the hotel is the church with the town clock on the four sides of its quaint little spire. Economites are nothing if not independent, so they have a time of their own, twenty minutes slower than Pittsburgh time and forty minutes faster than the time of the railroad which runs at the foot of the bluff on which the village stands. They have, furthermore, made a slight innovation in doing away with the minute hand on the clock, so that the long

hour hand travels in solitary state round and round the dial. A bell in the tower rings the quarters and the hours, and at 10 o'clock on Sunday mornings and 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoons it summons the villagers to service inside.

On these occasions, the hired workers of the town and their families appear in the ordinary "Sunday clothes" of country people, and it is only the members who are conspicuous in their queer, Economy-made costumes.

There are half a dozen tottering old women who hobble down the street decked out in a Sunday dress like that of old Mother Bentel, one of the original members. A short, full skirt of coarse blue cloth; a plain waist over which a great purple silk kerchief with a red border is folded primly, and the quaintest, peaked cap of bright blue satin with red polka dots illuminate the fading glories of these ancient dames in a way that is startling. The men, who are not allowed to sit on the same side of the church as the women, enter principally by the back door; but one need not mind that, for the great event of the churchgoing is when the gate at Father Henrici's house across the way opens, and the good old man totters across the street.

Father Henrici is 89 years old and his days are numbered. His life has been as free from guile as if he had never come in contact with the world. He is beloved by every one who ever lived in the village, and respected by every one in the outside world who knows him. The signature of Jacob Henrici has completed the transfer of millions of dollars' worth of property. His figure has been a familiar one in banks, law offices, and railroad meetings, but he has been true to his position and has never diverted a penny of the wealth he controlled. Now his mind is as feeble as his frame. He has gradually relinquished his control of business matters. He has given up preaching. He is simply a trembling body with a practically dead mind. He forgets his own house when he returns to it after a ride. He sleeps through a business meeting, and he is ruled for the moment by any one who gets his ear.

But when he totters down the steps of his home, leaning heavily on his umbrella, and carefully supported by the old tailor, Maurice Von Friedrichs, while in the rear is John Duss, the handsome young trustee who really rules Economy alone, then the old man's eyes brighten for a moment. He lifts his head and looks at the bystanders, who always wait to see him pass. Then he goes with a feeble, shuffling gait across the street, into the church and sinks exhausted into the middle one of three chairs on the platform or pulpit. Old Maurice sits back of him to the left and Mr. Duss takes the seat at the right.

The church is light and airy. The walls are white, and the arched ceiling is painted a cool, pale blue. Thin muslin curtains blow in and out, and the plumes of the cornfield outside wave sleepily at the windows. It is all so still, so drowsy, that one does not blame the queer old elders in the front seats when they promptly go to sleep. There is one noticeable feature in the service, and that is that no one in the congregation fans. Father Henrici has a rooted dislike for the act, and does not hesitate to speak right out, be the offender friend or foe.

After the service is over the people leave the church, and then the elders, led by

Father Henrici and Mr. Duss, come out, cross the street, between the rows of lingering people, and enter the house across the way. The elders wear broadcloth suits of ancient cut, and high felt hats with wide rolling brims and flowing crowns. They are a peculiar group and rumor has it that some of them cannot read or write. But they have the reins in their hands and no one can say them nay.

The house where Father Henrici and Mr. and Mrs. Duss live is variously called. Some designate it as "Father Rapp's House." Others call it "The House of the Kings," and others say it is "The Executive Mansion," or "The White House of Economy." It is a large, irregular, building of red brick, with queer little inclosed porches. Unlike all the other houses, it is set back from the street and has a little flower garden between it and the high picket fence which surrounds it. The parlor is an old-fashioned room, with some large copies of old paintings, and an extensive collection of wax fruit and pressed flowers in glass cases. Two old pianos stand side by side in the corner, for Father Henrici was a musician in his day and still loves to evoke trembling melodies from the ivory keys.

At the rear of the house one can pass through a paved courtyard, and, on opening a high gate in the opposite fence, find oneself in what seems almost a bit of paradise. It is "The Garden." About two acres of ground are here inclosed by a high wall, over which English ivy festoons itself in thick masses. Within the air is still, slumbrous and heavy with the perfume of heliotrope and lilies. In front of the gate a long walk leads into the heart of the garden. It is lined on either hand by a border of box six inches high. Over this trim, aromatic boundary great sprays of heliotrope droop as if heavy with their own fragrance. Myriads of white butterflies poise above the blossoms, then flutter away like white petals blown by the wind. Great golden-band lilies stand in ranks above the heliotrope, and at the end of the walk one sinks on a convenient bench fairly faint with an intoxication of beauty and perfume.

At one side is the band stand, which was built years ago by Father Rapp. It is of graystone, with a winding staircase inside by which the musicians reach the roof. Here on Sunday afternoons the village band plays after the service at church is over. The stand is surrounded by a kind of moat filled with water on which white pond-lilies idly float. A narrow foot bridge leads over this tiny lake. Down another walk one sees a picturesque sort of Summer house built of great, water-worn boulders. It has a peaked roof with an ancient weather-vane atop, and three small windows, deepest in the boulders, peer out as if from under shaggy brows. The door is six feet high, but seems lower. It is one great piece of bark six inches thick cut from some mammoth tree and put over a door curved to fit its shape. Inside the floor is of cement, the walls and domed ceiling are plastered, and around the walls are the following inscriptions: "George Rapp, founder of the Harmony Society. Born 1757, Died 1847." "Harmony, Penna., Founded 1805." "Harmony, Ind., Founded 1815." "Economy, Penna., Founded 1825." The inner diameter of the house is about twelve feet, and the walls are three feet thick.

On the opposite corner from "The Executive Mansion" stands the Town Hall, and in the yard behind it is the wine shop. Next to the Town Hall is the building oc-

cut out by the tailors and the cobblers, and next to that is "the store" and postoffice. Under the Town Hall and under the tailors and cobblers are great dim, shadowy cellars. They are lined with cement and there are tiny grated windows at the top where a few rays of light enter and grope feebly along the billowy rows of barrels and hogs-heads. These are the wine cellars, and here great tuns of red and white wines show dimly through the gloom.

The making of wine and cider is one of the great features of life at Economy. Everywhere one turns are vines hung thick with heavy bunches. Every house has two or three grape vines planted beside it. The bare thick vine is fastened to the wall straight up to the level of the second story without a leaf or shoot upon it. But up

there it is spread out into a band of thick green leaves quite encircling the house. The grapes ripen there quite secure from molestation. Twelve kinds of wine are manufactured by the Economites, and in addition to this they make great quantities of cider. Every man in the village is allowed two pints of cider a day. Or, if he prefers, he may omit the cider and have four pints of Concord wine a week. Each woman is allowed three pints of wine a week, or, if preferred, six pints of cider a week.

No one can get any more without a doctor's prescription. No beer is allowed unless the elders give their permission, in which case the man wanting it may send up to the city for it.

Incidentally, it is claimed that some of the elders are not averse to the use of beer themselves, and, now that Father Henrici no longer keeps a watchful eye on affairs, they help to dispose of the beer whose importation they have "permitted."

In the same yard with the wine shop is the kitchen, where the cooking is done for any public feasts in the town hall. There are three regular feast days during the year. The first is the love feast on Feb. 15, the anniversary of the founding of the society. The second is the harvest home feast, and the third is the celebration of Father Rapp's birthday, Oct. 25. The harvest home feast occurred this year on Aug. 18. It has always been the custom, when the last sheaf of oats was in the barn, to give the laborers a holiday. Early in the morning the streets take on an unusual show of activity. The women repair to the kitchen and the town hall. In the latter place they set out long tables, seating about 350 people. Plain benches without backs take the place of dining chairs, but the cloths are snowy and ample, and the glasses shine in long rows. Great uncut loaves of bread are piled on the tables, and pewter soup ladles are placed here and there to be in readiness. The table for the elders is on a platform in the middle of one end of the hall, and these favored gentlemen sit at one side only, thus facing the entire room.

Down in the kitchen are great stoves, hollowed out in the form of kettles and built into brick walls, beneath which great fires are glowing. Here the rice soup is being stirred with wooden paddles, the meat joints are boiling merrily, and the odor of sauerkraut arises in a pungent steam.

All these preparations were under full headway when the church clock called the villagers to service at half-past 10. The exercises were short, in consideration of the holiday aspect of the affair, and then the men stood about the corners and got in the way of the chickens for awhile until the bell again rang out and proclaimed the

summons to the feast. When the hall was filled, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, the bell again rang. There was a stir of anticipation among the waiting people. The musicians, who had taken their places in the orchestra behind the elders' table, lifted their instruments and turned their eyes toward the wide doors at the other end of the hall. A subdued sound of shuffling feet was heard. The elders were climbing the stairs. The band leader watched the door breathlessly. The footsteps came nearer. There was a gleam of long white hair as Father Henrici's bent head appeared, and instantly the blare of the horn and the beat of the drum sounded the beginning of a ringing march. The old man tottered feebly along, supported by Maurice and Mr. Duss. The elders took their seats at the table, the music died away, Mr. Duss said a brief grace, and the feast was begun.

There was music and "speaking," after the rice soup and sauerkraut had been disposed of. Then there was an afternoon with music in the garden. At 6 o'clock all gathered in the hall for a repetition of the noonday meal, and the harvest home feast was over.

At the tailor shop, behind the town hall, Maurice and another old man sit cross-legged in a big whitewashed room, and sew, sew, sew on the Sunday suits for the nine elders. Fashions come and go in the outside world, but Maurice and his companion heed no changes. Across the hall sits the shoemaker, "a little, round, fat, oily man" of pegs and leather. Wide shelves line the room and the one back of it. Along these shelves stand row after row of wooden lasts each one labeled with the name of some past or present Economite. Here are the little baby lasts of the alien children. Here are the trim foot forms of successive village belles. Here is the generous mold of Field Boss Miller's goodly foot, and here is what will soon be "the last last" of Father Henrici. Years ago it first served as a guide to the construction of stout leather boots. It was a fine, well-polished bit of wood then. But now a shaving of leather was added here, and now another some place else; thicker slices followed; the original draft was amended, and the amendments reinforced; the shapely wood took on all sorts of excrescences, until the last of to-day, upon which the good old gentleman's velvet slippers are molded, is a veritable dial plate by which to mark the encroachments of time.

Economy seems so under the spell of time, so slowly but surely dropping into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, that one does not look for the quick heart throbs of youth to set the drowsy air pulsating. And yet, no more fascinating place could be found in which to weave the soft, unstable fabric of love's young dream. Evidently the baker thinks so. He is young; he has yellow curls about his good-natured face, and every morning at 11 o'clock he stands at the window of the vine-covered bakery and hands out the day's allowance of bread to the applicants. There are some fresh, good-looking girls who come through the gate, and say, "guten morgen" to the jolly young baker, but he keeps the finest loaves tucked away until a certain red-cheeked fraulein looks up from under her blue sun bonnet and softly says, "zwei." Then the baker begins to hunt for the bread. It is a weak pretense, but it keeps the fraulein there, and when she goes she has promised to walk with him up to Lovers' lane in the evening.

Economy is a "heavenly" place in at least one respect—there is no marrying or giving in marriage there. But it is safe to say that the baker and a certain young maid servant will prefer the marriage laws of other places, even though they be "of the earth, earthy."

If you walk up to the other end of the village to locate the shady lovers' lane, you will be attracted by a large frame building adjoining a yard, where dozens of garments are drying on the lines. This is the steam washhouse, where every family in the village sends its washing and some one to do it. An engine runs the whole thing and there is an elevator to take the clothes upstairs to the drying room, where they are hung in winter and in rainy weather. The washhouse is open four and sometimes five days a week, and each family has an appointed time for its work. The washhouse engine also runs the machine shop next door, and when cider is being made the same engine runs the cider press.

A short distance away is the meat house, for the Economites raise and kill their own cattle. Still further on is the sawmill, where thirty-five or forty men are employed. Next is the planing mill, where twenty-five men work. Near these two is a large new boarding house for the men. There is also a blacksmith shop at this end of the village, but it is in the other direction that one finds the most interesting places.

The apiary is across the street from the bakery, and here there is another garden full of all sorts of old-fashioned blooms that tempt the bees to explore their honeyed depths. Here are the young fruit trees and a small vineyard, where the choicest grapes are grown. Outside this enclosure, where the humming of the bees is almost the only sound to be heard, there is a wide grassy stretch running along the edge of the bluff. A row of trees hangs over the side, and stiff little wooden benches are scattered here and there. An old red brick building stands at one corner of a grassy street leading to the bluff. The bricks are mossy, the iron braces are flaked with rust, and the date, 1827, which occupies an ivy wreath at the top of the white stone entrance, sets one to dreaming of those old days and the queer figures whose feet wore those two hollows in the stone step.

Beyond the apiary are the orchard and the vineyards. The ironing-house stands at the entrance and here, in the morning, you will find a chattering roomful of women, whose irons keep up a steady thud of punctuation. They will probably offer you a glass of wine and one of the big, fat ginger cookies for which Economy is famous. Beyond the fence, the vineyard stretches in long clean lines toward the river, while beyond it the grassy orchard completely encircles the little graveyard.

This graveyard, by the way, has not a stone or piece of wood or anything to mark the graves. When a member dies, the body is placed in a plain pine coffin, which has been painted black. A dozen friends take it to the graveyard, where a prayer is said and the body lowered. The grave is filled up, and as soon as a row of graves settle sufficiently they are rolled down and sodded over. At present, for instance, there are only a few graves perceptible, and these are the most recent ones. The centre of the arena is like a lawn, level and grassy. But under that

sod, entirely unmarked, lie the remains of Father Rapp and his fellow members.

It is a question of but a very short time when good old Father Henrici will add another mound to that last rough row. When that day comes, the trouble which is brewing in Economy will break out. There are only fifteen men in the society now, and nine of those are in the Board of Elders. But even these nine men have, practically, little authority. The fact is that the entire control of the property of the Economites is in the hands of John A. Duss. Mr. Duss is 32 years old, and aside from one other man, he is the youngest man in the society, all the others being over 50. Mr. Duss was taken into the society a little over two years ago. He was made an elder the same day. Six months later, Woelful, who was trustee with Mr. Henrici, died, and Mr. Duss was elected by the elders to succeed him. He and his wife went to live in the house with Father Henrici, who gradually became so feeble and childish as to resign all his control of business matters.

John Duss is a clever man, and an ambitious one. He rules Economy, but he has his enemies. Some of the members are muttering now. They "want to know what Duss is doing." They say that Economy is growing poorer every year. The whole town, and even the business men of Pittsburg, are continually putting the inquiry: "What will happen when Father Henrici dies?" There is no answer. Probably, Mr. Duss and some of the elders have their own plans. It is safe to assert that Mr. Duss has some scheme perfected. A few of the dissatisfied members say that the society will demand that the property go into the hands of a receiver. Others say that there will be a new trustee, as usual, and a few even go to the extent of naming Mr. Sievert as the man. Mr. Sievert for a long time occupied the nominal position of policeman in Economy, but he joined the society only two years ago.

At any rate there will be an exciting time as soon as consideration for Father Henrici ceases to be a restraint. This contest may develop mismanagement and other scandals. And again it may not.

Keep your eye on Economy, and wait and see!

From,

Past
Pittsburg Pa

Date,

Dec 27/-22

WILL NOT SPLIT

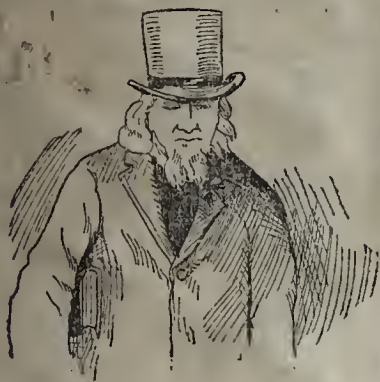
Economites Will Accept Trustee John Duss For Their New Leader.

THE ELDERS FRIENDLY TO HIM.

Father Henrici Will Be Quietly
Buried This Afternoon.

SERVICES TO BE IN THE CHURCH.

Gloom and sorrow spread their wings yesterday around the pretty plateau that overhangs the Ohio where the Economites have lived and labored since the beginning of the present century. Crowned with the snow of two days, the quaint little village looked more like a deserted settlement in the shades of evening than the thriving town it really is. The cause of this unusual peace was the death of good old Father Henrici—the inhabitants were mourning his loss. At night the town made a striking picture in the



FATHER HENRICI.

flickering reflection of the scattered gas lamps. An uncommon calm seemed to envelop everything and pervade the very atmosphere.

On the main street, where stands the "Executive Mansion" and the church of the community, but a solitary individual passed now and then. The people were devoid of any curiosity to look upon the late residence of the dead man, and the few that did walk by never stopped for even a moment, but satiated their desire with a single silent glance. Inside the mansion there were no extraordinary scenes of sorrow. Comely Mrs. Duss moved about as usual discharging her household duties. She answered every call at the door. Around a comfortable gas stove fire in the ancient-looking dining room sat an old German and his wife. A servant and an elderly matron of rather stately bearing completed the family circle of that peculiar household.

Across the hallway in the spacious parlor lay the remains of Father Henrici. It was his favorite resting-place,

where he did the greater part of his work—a fitting shelter for all that is mortal of him now. The corpse is encased in a hexagonal coffin of plain pine, painted black. On the floor the coffin cover rested, while over the body was stretched a sheet of the most immaculate linen. Around the dead man's head and hands are lilies of the most exquisite kind, entwined with roses, from



TRUSTEE DUSS.

the greenhouse. When the cover is withdrawn the rays of light strike the face and the kindest expression reflects upon the spectator. The same gentle smile that ever shone on Father Henrici's countenance is still there, even in death. Around the room the flowers shed their perfume, and fill one with their fragrance. Hanging on the walls are several paintings in oil and water colors, and a number of antique steel engravings, all on religious subjects. Of the former there are two very large pictures, valued at more than \$30,000. One is by Benjamin West presenting "Christ Healing the Sick," the other is Raphael L. Meng's "Adoration of the Shepherds," a beautiful work of art.

When a Post reporter called at the great house yesterday afternoon twilight was hanging over the quiet township. Mrs. Duss opened the door and ushered him into the presence of her husband. Mr. Duss was in the best possible humor, but showed at once his aversion to being interviewed. Of the present condition of the society's affairs he would say nothing for publication. As to the existence of dissension among the Harmonists, he said there always was such a thing in every organization, but not near so much among the Economites as had been rumored. Everything at the present time was peaceable, and what little contention there ever was hardly called for any notice.

"I have suffered a good deal myself," continued Mr. Duss, "for the last couple of years. The members of the society are to a certain extent very credulous, and believe the greater portion of all they hear. My position among them has been under the most adverse circumstances. The most malicious reports were constantly brought to the ears of Mr. Henrici, and while working solely for their interest it was rather hard to bear. Some enemies of mine kept constantly dinging in the ears of the members a story that was as false as the mind that gave rise to it, to the effect that my ambition was to learn every detail of the society's working, that I might some day personally control

its entire interest to my own ends. Those rumors continually worried Mr. Henrici very much, and put me in such a position that I could not ask for any information without confirming the suspicions with which his mind was poisoned. But he had implicit confidence in me nevertheless. For two years I worked under those disadvantages. If I went out of town for a day, to make perhaps \$200 or \$300 for the society, the first thing that reached my ears when I got home was the report that he had bought a necktie for \$5 and paid for it with the society's money."

Nothing has yet been done toward settling the question of who Father Henrici's successor will be. One question is settled, however, and that is the election of another trustee by the board of elders. The right of succession falls on Mr. Duss, and he will fill the vacant place. At a meeting of the board to be held at the latter end of this week the second trustee will be elected. This is really the only voice that the elders have in the main government of the Economite affairs. Their powers are limited to the management of what they call the internal affairs of the society. This includes only the 3,000 acres of land held by them and affairs connected with their management. All matters of finance belong exclusively to the external portion of the estate and are governed solely by the two trustees.

The board of elders also possesses the power to remove superintendents of the several departments of industry, and see that the members perform the duties assigned to them. They have authority to settle all disputes and misunderstandings among the Economites, and have the privilege of either admitting or expelling members. They establish all regulations upholding the morals of the Harmonist community, and can remove all officers delinquent in the discharge of their duties. The board of elders is made up of seven members and the two trustees. The present body is comprised by John Scheid, Gottfried Lauppe, Maritz J. Friederichs, J. Jacob Nicolaus, Conrad Hermansdoerfer, Hugo Miller, Gottlieb Ruthmiller and Trustee John S. Duss. The actions of those gentlemen are ruled by the direction of the trustees. An informal meeting of the elders was held at the executive mansion last evening, but nothing decisive was done nor will any action be taken until after the funeral to-day, when Mr. Duss will set the time for a meeting of the board.

The remains of Father Henrici will be laid away this afternoon in the little orchard above the village. There, without a monument or headstone, will the body be placed underneath the withered branches of an apple tree. No more picturesque spot could be selected for a resting place than this little orchard which looked so dreary yesterday. It is surrounded by a white paling fence, and holds the bodies of 600 Economites. No special plots are marked out here, and the old father's house of clay will be among the graves of his humblest followers. Henry Breitenstein, who owns the local hotel and who was a cousin to the late Mr. Henrici, will have charge of the funeral affairs under the immediate direction of Mr. Duss.

No member of the Harmony society will work to-day. They will attend the funeral in a body and follow the corpse to its final resting place. The only new depart-

ure in the way of honors to the dead to be made in Father Henrici's case will be in the church services. Instead of being buried direct from his house the coffin will be taken to the church across the street at 1:30 this afternoon. The congregation will join with the male and female choir in singing a verse of some hymn. Mr. Duss will make a short address on Mr. Henrici's life, and the funeral procession will at once take place. The man who will sing a hymn at the grave, after which prayer will follow.

AS TO THE FUTURE.

What the future of the society will be is the leading question now being discussed at Economy. Mr. Duss said yesterday that it would continue to exist as it has heretofore. He said it was as nonsensical to try and discuss the future of the world as it would be to predict the future of the Harmony society or any other such institution. Chiefly through his endeavors the Economites have attained a degree of prosperity unequalled. Should he pull away from the strange people at whose head he now is it would of course be hard to say what the result would be. But he has no more notion of doing so than he ever had. There is no reason why he should.

The Post reporter saw every member of the board of elders, and with one possible exception the ideas of each man were strictly in accord with those of Mr. Duss. Each was willing to admit that once in a while they were likely to disagree, but that occurred in every organization, and every question was settled by a majority report. None could be found who would put himself on record as saying that Mr. Duss had not skilfully handled the affairs of the society. The more ignorant of its members might be ready to believe malicious stories of their new chief, but they always found after a little time that such stories were without foundation. The society at the present time is not averse to taking in members who would be an acquisition to the ranks. Still the sentiment is generally against any new addition.

The will spoken of in connection with Mr. Henrici's death is a very ordinary document. Mr. Duss said last evening that it was made about four months ago, when the old gentleman's health became dangerously impaired. The instrument was drawn up previous to the transfer of the estate to the present trustees, and it was executed for the purpose of conveying to the society any property that may casually have been held in the name of Jacob Henrici.

The last chapter of this strange village romance will conclude to-day when the mournful cortege moves up the lonely road leading to the orchard, where the children of Harmony will spread upon the coffin of their dead leader the flowers which custom teaches them to scatter o'er the departed ones.

DUSS AT THE HEAD NOW.

The man of men among them tonight will be John S. Duss. Through his clever financiering and sagacity more than anything else has the society so highly prospered during the past two years. He is a man who, as he says himself, never knew of such a word as failure, who never tried to tear down a wall which would not fall before

him. The Economites could hardly have a more able man at the head of their affairs to handle their many millions than he who will occupy the office lately held by the venerable Jacob Henrici. Mr. Duss was born in Cincinnati on February 22, 1860, and was the son of poor parents. When the war broke out his father enlisted in the Union army, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863. Mrs. Duss previous to this time came to Economy in March, 1860, bringing her infant son with her. She was engaged by the Harmony society as nurse for the sick, in which capacity she acted for a number of years. Young Duss as he grew up attended the orphan school at Watercure, Beaver county, until he was 16 years old. After that he came to Economy and taught in the public school. He left there shortly afterward and entered the Union college at Alliance, O. In 1883 he received a call to the state reform school of North Topeka, Kan., in the capacity of teacher, which position he filled until compelled through ill health to resign. He married later Miss Susie Creese, whom he had met in Economy during his term as teacher in the public school. The mar-

riage took place at Keokuk, Ia. He then engaged in various classes of business for a time, and finally settled down on a farm which he bought near Red Cloud, Neb. While here he received a call from the late Mr. Henrici to take charge of the school at Economy. This was in 1888. He became a member of the Harmony society and a member of the board of elders in the place of Jonathan Lentz on the same day in January, 1890. Upon the death of Trustee Woelfel he was elected to succeed him. His connection with Father Henrici since then is already well known.

From, *Times*
Phila. Pa.
Date, *Jan. 1. 1893*

ECONOMY, ZOAR, AMANA

THREE REMARKABLE COMMUNITIES FOUNDED IN AMERICA BY GERMAN MYSTICS.

By the death of Father Henrici, and the impending dissolution of the Economy Society, attention is again turned to the curious sect of the Economites and their quaint little vil-



FATHER RAPP'S HOUSE AT ECONOMY.

lage on the Ohio river, near Pittsburg. Remarkable indeed has been the history of the society since it was founded by George Rapp, over 100 years ago.

George Rapp, a sturdy Wurttemberg vine-planter, born in 1787, despite the depressing surroundings of his earlier years, was in many respects a remarkable man. Dissatisfied with what he regarded as the insincerity and hollowness of the established church, he became an ardent student of primitive Christianity, and a teacher of much the same doctrines as Tolstoi is so eloquently expounding at the present time, save that with Rapp

the speedy second coming of Christ early became a passionate conviction. His followers gradually increased until they numbered 200 families, who were given the name of "Pietists." So vexations did the persecutions to which they were subjected become that they at last decided to escape to America. Six hundred of them having made the long voyage in safety, they purchased at Butler, Pa., 5,000 acres of land, and built a town, and here on February 15, 1803, with Rapp as their leader, formally organized the Harmony Society. All, following Rapp's example, threw their possessions into a common stock, and agreed in future to share all things in common.

The little colony remained in Butler eight years, when, in 1816, it removed to Posey county, Ind., where it purchased 25,000 acres of land. But in 1807, as the result of a great religious awakening, celibacy was made one of the articles of faith. Rapp and his son set an example for the others by cheerfully putting away their wives. Both in Butler and Indiana the Harmonists, who, despite their singular creed, were frugal, industrious and shrewd (Rapp himself being a man of wonderful foresight and marked executive ability), prospered greatly, but the malarial climate of Indiana proved fatal to so many of them that in 1825 they returned to Pennsylvania, and purchasing 5,000 acres of land, built the town of Economy. Here their long wanderings ended, and here, at the source of the majestic Ohio, their self-denial and division of labor

caused their wealth to increase like magic. The silks, blankets, broadcloths, flannels and whisky manufactured at Economy (the empty and deserted mills and factories show what a hive of industry the town once was) became famous, while their great farms yielded abundant harvests. The society increased to over 1,000 souls, to every one of which the word of Father Rapp was law.



A HARMONIST WOMAN.

But in 1831 dissensions arose which threatened for a time the existence of the society. How these differences originated and how they were finally settled form one of the strangest chapters in the history of Economy. In 1820, a young man named Bernard Miller startled the staid citizens of Frankfort-on-the-Main by asserting that he had received a commission from God to announce the speedy reappearance of His Son. In circulars scattered throughout Europe he called upon the devout to assemble in one place to await the second coming of the Redeemer. Miller soon gathered about him a small band of mystics who looked upon him as their leader and who gave him the name of Count de Leon. In a few months a letter from Miller came to Father Rapp at Economy in which the writer expressed his conviction that America had been selected as the future home of the chosen of God, where they were to watch for the coming of His Son—an event which the Harmonists from the first daily expected—and announced his desire with his adherents to join the Harmonists at Economy. This they were cordially invited to do, and in the winter of 1831 Miller and forty of his followers, all males, arrived and were received with the highest honors.

Rapp, however, had little in common with the new leader and his luxurious desires, and he ordered Miller and his companions to leave Economy at once, but subsequently permitted them to remain until spring. Miller ungratefully employed the clemency shown him in efforts to stir up a revolt against the rule of Rapp and the practice of celibacy. He succeeded so well that 250 Harmonists finally signed a declaration proclaiming him the leader of the Harmony Society. The great majority still remained faithful to Rapp and peace was finally secured by an agreement in which the malcontents, in consideration of

the sum of \$100,000, agreed to leave Economy and relinquish all claims upon the property of the society. The money was promptly paid them and with it the seceders purchased 800 acres of land, and with Miller as their leader founded the New Philadelphia Society at what is now Phillipsburg. The rules of the new society were identical with those of the old, save in the matter of marriage, but Miller's reckless management soon exhausted its means and credit, and the seceders, convinced of the folly into which he had led them, compelled him to withdraw. Tired of his role of religious enthusiast, Miller, with his forty original followers, embarked upon a flat-boat for the southwest, filled with visions of conquest even more daring than had animated Aaron Burr, but died of cholera at Alexandria, La. Rid of the malcontents, the parent society continued on in the even tenor of its way. Rapp remained at the head of the society, autocratic, even despotic in his rule, but revered as a father by all until his death in 1847 at the age of ninety.

On the day of Rapp's funeral (funerals at Economy are severe in their simplicity, the remains of the dead being wrapped only in a winding sheet and a few words are spoken beside the open grave), his followers went from the burial ground to the Town Hall and

decided in the future to have two leaders instead of one. With remarkable unanimity E. L. Baker and Jacob Henrici, who had long been Father Rapp's most trusted lieutenants, were chosen as his successors. Elder Baker died in 1868. The wealth of the society has been wisely invested—some of it in oil and gas lands—and is now enormous. With it the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad was built and controlled by the society, until its holdings were sold to the Vanderbilts a few years ago at a large increase over the original investment. The society also owns a large portion of the town of Beaver and immense tracts of land in Dakota. The prohibition of marriage, the reluctance to admit new members and the gradual thinning of the ranks by death, have decreased the membership of the society, until now less than twenty remain. Many of this little band are over 80, and all are verging on three-score and ten—the youngest being 66. The one long most honored among them was Father Rapp's surviving child, Gertrude, a beautiful white-haired old lady, who, in her girlhood, was a splendid singer, and who until her death furnished the music for the Sunday gatherings. The house in which he lived is a cabinet of things rare and curious, pictures and musical instruments brought from Germany, and quaint vases more than a century old.

Life at Economy is Puritanical in its regularity and severity. Over 400 men and women are employed by the society and compelled to give strict observance to its rules. The men and women live apart and are never permitted to mingle, even at work, but so generous is the treatment they receive that few of them desire to leave except to marry. At 5 o'clock in the morning every one breakfasts; at 6 o'clock work commences (the duties of the day being announced by the milkman as he goes his rounds) and continues until 10 o'clock, when luncheon is served. From 12 to 1 is the dinner hour. There is another luncheon at 3 o'clock and supper at 6 o'clock. At 9 o'clock the bell rings, and every one, even visitors, must retire. Everything is in common. The grocer, butcher, baker



GENERAL VIEW OF AMANA.

and milkman visit each house daily and supply the different families with what they want, while even the washing is done by the common laundry. Nothing can be bought with money at Economy, and only the managers of the society handle that article. Smoking, whisky drinking and courting within the limits of the town are forbidden, and employees detected indulging in any of these are at once sent away. Yet, strange to say, the wine cellars of the society are stocked with thousands of gallons of the rarest wine, some of it over fifty years old, while cider is drunk instead of water. A schoolhouse was built some years ago, and a teacher employed to instruct the children of the people in the employ of the society. Surnames are never heard at Economy, given names only being used by members of the society. When there are two of the same name, they are distinguished by the locality in which they live.

Many of the customs of the Fatherland are still observed in Economy. Their ancestors back in old Bavaria used to celebrate the completion of the annual harvests with feasts and merrymaking and so on the 19th of August of each year the Harmonists observe, in a fitting manner, this beautiful custom of their fathers. For weeks before the day preparations are making for the feast. Besides the harvest home there are two other great annual feasts at Economy. The first of these is the celebration of the Lord's Supper in October—a very solemn affair; the second occurs on the 15th of February and is designed to fittingly celebrate the foundation of the society in 1805.

In a little while Economy will be a thing of the past. Every year the little group of Harmonists grows smaller, and soon the last one will be gone. It is their firm belief that before the last one among them has passed away the Redeemer, for whose coming they have waited so long, will appear to commence His personal reign on earth, and that to the last of the Harmonists will be given the privilege of laying at the feet of the Master the possessions of the society, that He might do with them as He sees fit. Alas, for the dreams of the dreamer!

The founders of Zoar came from Württemberg, and although it is more than seventy years since they built their log huts and took

up the laborious lives of Ohio pioneers, their



CHURCH AT ECONOMY.

descendants are still faithful to the traditions and customs and in many instances to the vernacular of the Fatherland. Zoar is the home of one of the oldest and most singular of the communistic societies that have gained a foothold in the United States. The history of the Separatists in many respects offers a curious parallel to that of the Harmonist Society. The leaders of both communities belonged to the working class, George Rapp, the head of the Harmonists, being a vine planter, and Joseph Baumeler, the leader of the Separatists, being originally a weaver.

Baumeler would have occupied a distinguished place in almost any walk of life. While still a young man he became an ardent student of the writings of Jacob Boehmen, one of the most celebrated of the German mystics of the seventeenth century, and from them he in time deduced a new religious creed, the principal features of which were opposition to all churchly ceremonials and sects, to intercourse between the sexes save that necessary to the perpetuation of the species and to military service for the State. Like Rapp, Baumeler proved a zealous propagandist, and those who shared his belief, recruited mainly from among the peasant class, soon numbered several hundred. They soon

down upon them the bitter persecution of the ecclesiastical and secular authorities, and for ten years flogging, fines and imprisonment were unsparingly employed to bring them back to the orthodox faith. The Separatists bore their lot in silence, but their sufferings finally attracted the attention of a number of wealthy English Quakers, who in 1817 furnished them with money with which to pay their passage to the United States, at the same time sending to Quakers in Philadelphia several thousand dollars with which to assist the needy immigrants after their arrival.

The Separatists landed in Philadelphia in August, 1817, the party—men, women and children—numbering some 200. Aided by their Quaker friends they at once purchased on fifteen years' time some 5,600 acres in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, and there amid the cold and snow of an unusually severe winter Baumeler and a few of his followers laid the foundations of the town of Zoar, the other members of the party following them there in the spring. At the outset community of goods was not thought of, but some actually suffered for food, many died of fever, while the able-bodied among the little band were compelled to take service among the neighboring farmers. Finally the one step which could save them from ruin was taken, and two years after their arrival at Zoar articles of agreement for a community of goods were signed. Baumeler was formally installed as temporal and spiritual head of the society. Thirteen years later, in 1832, the society was duly incorporated by the Ohio Legislature, and the rules originally adopted for its guidance still remain in force.

From the first the Separatists prospered under the communal system. The wealth they have accumulated in the half century that has since elapsed is enormous. They now own 7,000 acres of land, in part covered by carefully tended orchards and vineyards, and all of it remarkably fertile and under perfect cultivation: thousands of head of the finest cattle: two flour mills, a planing mill, saw mill, linseed oil mill, machine shop, tannery, dye house and woollen factory, the raw materials for the latter being supplied by the society's immense herds of Southdowns and Merinos. These, besides supplying the needs of the society, afford a handsome income from sales to outsiders. The general store of the society, located in a roomy structure which was formerly Baumeler's private residence, also supplies the wants of the neighboring farmers. The old-fashioned inn, where the hired hands of the Separatists, some fifty in number, are lodged, dispenses a generous hospitality, and in summer is a favorite resort for strangers.

Celibacy was one of the fundamental doctrines of Baumeler's curious creed. He believed that God created Adam both a male and a female in one person. The separation of the female element from Adam by the creation of Eve he looked upon as the result of some sin on Adam's part, and for that reason he condemned the married state as unholy. But with all his mysticism Baumeler was practical, and when in 1832 the ravages of cholera decimated the ranks of the Separatists and threatened their society with extinction, he gave his followers permission to marry and himself set the example by taking a wife. As a result of his step the society has ever since grown slowly but steadily, and the membership is now above 400. At first the children

were taken from their parents at the age of three and placed under the care of persons selected for the work, but this regulation was abolished, and the young people now remain under the control of their parents, attending the school provided by the society until they are fifteen years old. Girls are taught to sew, knit and spin, and do general housework, and the boys when their school days are ended are taught trades or put at work upon the farm. Of the children reared within the confines of the society, about half become members. When a couple desire to marry, the trustees furnish them with a dwelling house in which to live and furniture for housekeeping. Members who marry outside are compelled to leave.

Life at Zoar is very plain and simple. Each dwelling house accommodates several families, but each family lives alone. In the long days of summer everyone arises at daylight and labors until 6 at night. In winter time work after supper is continued in the shops and factories until 8 o'clock. On summer nights the men practice in the village band, or gather in the hotel to smoke or quaff their beer—the Separatists have the German fondness for the latter, which they brew themselves, while the children play upon the common in front of the church. Disputes are almost unknown, and when they do arise they are promptly and finally settled by the standing committee. On Sundays there are three religious services. At the morning service one of Baumeler's discourses—he died at a ripe old age after having directed the affairs of the society for a quarter of a century—is read; the afternoon meeting is devoted to the children, and the evening meeting to song and praise. The Separatists always pray in silence. No services are held during the week.

Of the three religious communistic societies German mysticism has given to the United States the Society of the Inspirationists, at Amana, Ia., though the youngest, is the most numerous and prosperous of the three societies. It sprang from a little band of people, who, some seventy years ago, used to gather at the house of Christopher Metz, a carpenter at Strasburg, in Germany. They called themselves Inspirationists, and professed to hold direct and personal communication with God. They soon became an object of persecution on the part of the authorities, and three years after a settlement at Ardenburg Metz received a "message" commanding him to lead his followers to a home in the New World.

A number of persons of wealth were already numbered among the Inspirationists, and these placing at the disposal of their fellow-believers their individual possessions, amounting to \$200,000—a great sum in those days—made the proposed migration comparatively easy of accomplishment. Coming to America in the autumn of 1842, Metz and several others who accompanied him journeyed westward to Buffalo, where they purchased some 8,000 acres of land which then formed part of the Seneca Indian Reservation. The site of the home found, those left behind in Germany soon joined those sent out in advance, and in a few years over 1,000 Inspirationists were settled at Eben-Ezer, the name given the new abiding place.



SCHOOL HOUSE AT AMANA.

About 1847 they were "commanded" to hold all things in common and labor together for the common good. Five years later came another "inspired command" for them to move westward, and, in obedience to the dictates of the spirit, land for their new home was purchased in Iowa. The fresh migration covered a period of ten years, the change being made gradually in order that their holdings at Eben-Ezer and the improvements thereon might be sold without sacrifice. This policy was entirely successful and in 1864, the Inspirationists—save a few who elected to remain behind—were all settled in Iowa.

The present home of the Inspirationists, which, borrowing a word from the Psalms, they have given the name of Amana, lies midway between Davenport and Des Moines. It is situated on a rolling plain and covers 26,000 acres of the choicest farming and grazing land, embracing one entire township and a part of another. Their membership has gradually increased to 2,000 souls, all comfortable and prosperous. Their numerous buildings are well built and substantial;



GRACE BEFORE MEAT AT AMANA.

costly improvements have been made upon their land; they have large herds of sheep, cattle, horses and hogs, and have a handsome sum of money at interest. At Eben-Ezer the members for convenience's sake were gathered into three villages, and the same plan has been followed at Amana, there being, however, seven villages instead of three—Amana, East Amana, Middle Amana, High Amana, West Amana, South Amana and Homestead. The villages are compactly built, the buildings being constructed mainly of brick and stone. Their population varies from 600 to 150. The distance from the most easterly to the most westerly village is six miles, but excellent roads and telephone lines render communication easy.

Each village has assigned to it a certain

amount of land for pasturage and cultivation. The elders, who meet every morning to confer together, select the foremen for the different industries and assign the tasks of the individual members, care always being taken to give the laborer as far as possible the employment that will prove most congenial. In each village is a general store, where the wants of the members are supplied. These general stores carry large and valuable stocks of goods, including dry goods, groceries, clothing, head and footwear and drugs, and draw a liberal patronage from outsiders for many miles around.

The general accounts of the colony are kept at the central village of Amana; they are balanced once a year and the profits and losses of the whole society equalized. It should be added, however, that no village is compelled to bear alone the losses it may have sustained; they are shared by the whole body. Each village has its own tailors, carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths, but the main manufacturing interests of the society are located at Amana and Middle Amana. Two extensive woolen mills, with an annual output of \$600,000, which finds a ready market; a print factory, the products of which are noted for their durability and always in demand, and starch and soap factories are among the industries carried on.

Once a year the elders allow every family or adult member credit corresponding to their wants at the village stores against which they are permitted to make purchases. Luxury and extravagance are carefully guarded against, but everyone has a generous supply of substantial food and plain but comfortable clothing. If a member does not spend all of his or her annual allowance, the balance is added to the next year's credit, or can be given away, a practice which, during the war, enabled the frugal Inspirationists to contribute many thousands of dollars to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. They are early risers, but not hard workers, the prosperity



OLD CHURCH AT ZOAR.

which they have achieved enabling them to take life easy. Children are kept at school until they are 13, the boys and girls having different teachers and never being allowed to play together. To adults nearly all amusements are forbidden. Marriage is not looked upon with favor, and strenuous efforts are made by the elders to prevent tender encounters between youths and maidens. Still, love laughs at all obstacles, and the young people at Amana woo, fall in love and wed much the same as they do in less Puritanical communities. The only way in which the elders re-

venge themselves upon the little god for the tricks he plays them is, first, by absolutely forbidding a couple's marriage until the young man has reached the age of 24, and then by making the wedding ceremony, when it does occur, as melancholy and funeral as possible. On the morning of the day set for the marriage the parents of the bride and groom, with a number of the most serious-minded among the elders, gather at the home of the bride, where there is singing, prayer and Scriptural reading long drawn out, and finally lectures to the young couple upon the sinfulness of the promptings which have induced them to enter the marriage state and the grave and weighty responsibilities they take upon themselves in so doing.

Despite the obstacles placed in the way of their love-making, the quiet, regular, peaceful life of comfort and plenty led at Amama has so strong an attraction for the young people raised there that few leave when they reach maturity, and those who do so, as a rule, return in a short time.

From, *Times*
Phila Pa.
 Date, *Jan. 8th 1893*



JOHN S. DUSS.

SUCCESSOR TO HENRICK

JOHN S. DUSS, THE NEW LEADER AT
 ECONOMY.

FRESH LIFE FOR THE COMMUNE

Career of the Man Who at Thirty Years of

Age is in Control of Millions and Will Hold the Economites Together—The Ro- mance of His Marriage.

It is not often that a man just past 30 years of age jumps into the control of millions at a single bound. Perhaps to-day there is no more picturesque character in this country than the young citizen who becomes the dominating power of one of the richest and most unique communistic societies in the United States. His life is a romance of well-directed endeavor, and by sheer force of character he has put himself in a place of power and influence that is almost unprecedented, and he is undertaking to solve a problem now that has puzzled strong minds for many years.

John S. Duss has had a strange career. He was brought to Economy, that commune which is just now attracting so much attention, when he was 2 years of age, and reared there. In the days of his early manhood he went out into the world to get an education, and afterward make a conquest in other realms of life. While in pursuit of new aims he married a pretty girl, and for a time they trod the wine press of life together. But the attachment to his childhood home bore upon him, and a demand brought him back to the community where he felt his first powers. He came and became a member of the "Economites." His young wife accepted the usages of the faith and agreed to live according to the new conditions.

Since his return she has been his wife in name only, the two living apart the same as the other members of the society. What wonders faith will work in human conduct and emotions! This remarkable woman, dealing in gentleness with all those around her, accepts practical obedience to the decrees of her husband's faith. While she has known different conditions, she lives in submission to the demands of the creed which he masters. She is a ministering angel to whose who dwell beneath the family tree, the spreading branches of which cover the community as a dove's wings does its brood.

Mr. Duss has a strong mixture of German and American blood in his veins. His determination is something remarkable. Every line of his face denotes and every word of his mouth carries with it a will than cannot often if ever be dominated. That is why he takes unto himself the mastery to which he is invited. He is a man, ardent, spiritual, combative and self-assertive. Filled with an idea that came from his early teachings, he is able to found a new Eldorado. So he appears to think.

After all that can be written about Economy, it is not the perfect community to the mind of the young head which now governs it supreme. The lacking ingredient to make it so to his mind is to have the effort entirely communal. The competitive element just now—the employees—are more or less of a menace to what is. The ideal is fashioned that if each one were financially interested in producing, and gathering as much as possible, they would attain a degree of prosperity not now known, where wages are exacted and permitted to flow outside the charmed

circle. In the future as in the past, the society will adhere to its doctrine of celibacy as well as of accumulation. It will also be governed much the same as it is now, but on broader lines as I see it.

Men of prominence and character always have enemies, and this accomplishment with which I am dealing is no exception to the rule. There has been formed a combination calling themselves "The Rapp Heirs," a body living mainly in Germany, who want the millions here in sight. These people have for a long time been waiting an opportune moment to make a legal claim upon the holdings of this society. There are also numerous relations of the members who are working on the same lines. These people have the idea that, now that Father Henrici has passed away, it will be an easy matter to cope with the society. But the appearance of a man like Mr. Duss makes him a "thorn in the flesh" to them, and decides the future of these gains.

It is a queer religion which teaches that the cardinal principles of life are industry and integrity, and that marriage is not tolerable. Yet these people live together year in and year out and are happy in their quietude, if you may call home by that name where all the careful elements of life are settled. Until a short time ago the outside world knew little or nothing of this place, which in itself is a picture of thrift and wealth. Yet the trains of the great Pennsylvania Railroad system carry you past Economy many times a day.

Of the four hundred citizens in Economy less than fifty own the town, more than half of whom are women. All the others are employes, and do as the master directs. Those who work under the wings of this religious and economical sect draw their bread, their wine and every necessity from the few who teach the doctrines "that you shall not give nor be given in marriage." As a rule the Economites do not speak the English language. They stick to the mother tongue, do not believe in combat, take no part in politics and live to make money and enjoy themselves; do not think that life here is all solemn and exacting. There is tenderness, while a master hand solves all the problems of the community. He does it without friction and without question. He divides the fruits of industry until every Economite is rich beyond compare with that of any other citizen on the face of the earth, dealing in the quiet conditions of an industrial life.

The methods which prevail here are interesting. They are so complete and simple. Everything has its place and its hour. Up at 6, at work at 7, dinner at 12, supper at 6, and to bed at 9. The town is brilliantly lighted all the evening; but when the rich, deep tones of the bell in the tower sounds the hour of 9 all is silence, and yet the place is always perfectly guarded. There is a man on watch in the tall tower by day and by night, telling by the touch of a button the approach of strangers, either for good or evil purpose.

Other men are on duty along the streets after 9 o'clock, and theft and intrusion are unknown words in Economy. Visitors come and go at will. Yet you can count on the fingers of your two hands men from the outside who have ever been permitted to pore into the mysteries of this strange place, or to get an insight into its government or its general conditions. These people cling to the faith the founders brought from Germany. They deny themselves few of the pleasures of life, and living in peace and plenty, look out

upon the world with a feeling of pity that the rest of us know so little of contentment, and have so small a modicum of happiness while struggling for money. They look upon their well-tilled fields, overflowing barns, surplus treasury and contented life, and marvel that all the world does not accumulate and save as easily as they do.

Have I still given the impression that these people do not enjoy themselves? They have an amusement hall, as large as their church, a choral society that is very good, and a brass band that ranks among the finest in the State. Every evening in the summer, in the beautiful park, amid magnificent flower beds, shrubbery, lawns and walks, both song and music give charm to all the people to whom it is open, and that includes all in the community. Mr. Duss is one of the finest musicians in the country and fosters all the conditions which are so dear to the German heart. He is the first young man who has ever held the mastery. Father Henrici, just dead, was 44 years of age when he succeeded George Rapp forty-six years ago.

Many loaves of bread a day feed these people, and two hundred thousand gallons of wine made from grapes grown in the village are in one cellar to wash it down. A primitive wine press and the hands of the natives brew this juice of the grape, as well as knead the bread for the community. The place is well named Economy. All is smiling in the midst of peace and plenty, and a religion which teaches new doctrines is in doubt. There is a mystery over all things, and yet no mystery to him who asks. If there be silence in Economy it is of that soft and tender order which the peculiar people living within themselves give to their every act and utterance. They sing while they brew wine and make bread. It is the meat of their lives.

The brick houses in which they dwell, built a hundred years ago, are fronted and fretted with grape vines from foundation to eave. They are so trained and cut that in the autumn they look like brown stripes of whip cord. In the summer they are one tangled mass of green. In the fall they bear fruit for the vintage. This carries out the very theory of product and government which gives the settlement its name. Here everything is turned to the useful. Frugality is taught, not in a harsh, but in a gentle way. Thrift is in the air just as subtle as electricity is in the frog. There is perfect silence upon the money question, as there is upon the other elements of the conduct of these silent people. By good judges their possessions are estimated all the way from thirty to fifty millions of dollars, and the world is as ignorant as to what their yearly income is as it is upon the value of property they own. Yet it is made manifest every day that the financial returns per annum are very large to all.

There is a bank at Beaver Falls, an iron furnace, a directorship in the Lake Erie and Western Railroad, a saw mill and investments without number in the hands of the young man who has succeeded to the greatest estate since Mr. Gould's death. He is a perfect type of the German-American gentleman. Raised in the village he now governs, he drifted away to the West with dreams of conquests, but comes back to manage the estate to which his mother introduced him as a child. He was a school-master who is now dominating a singular life. No one knows how much is given or how little by any member of the society. There are no records kept and the humblest has the same chance as the highest.

The different members live with the employes and make their religion felt by everyday example. It is never intruded.

The Central House, or "Father Rapp's Mansion," as it is called, is the chief point of interest. There Mr. Duss is supreme in his composure, and his good wife plays the role of hostess of the village. It is a beautiful home. The windows are curtained with silk made by the nimble hands of the German women of the community, the rooms inside are richly furnished, the walls are covered with religious pictures and mementoes of the society. I could not help but marvel what wonderful things could be done by a few people who were willing to devote their lives to the accumulation of money.

There is a common store here where everyone, members and employes alike, draw their rations. There is a common dairy, bakery, meat market and every arrangement made for good living without extravagance. If it is not the ideal, it is mighty close to it, but what a fight there is going to be for these millions! The people in Germany are liable to give the lawyers a chance to make money, but as possession is nine points of the law and a long bank account is behind it, it is liable that the man in charge will make it very interesting for those who seek to disturb their lives. If he were a less positive character he might be dethroned, but the outlook is that the romance and reality of Economy will continue for years yet to come.

F. A. B.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg, Pa.
 Date, *April 10* 1894.

HISTORIC OLD INN.

Where Tippecanoe and Henry Clay Used to Stop on Their Journeys.

The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania held its regular meeting last night. The Rev. A. A. Lambing presided. An interesting programme was presented. Officers for the ensuing year were elected. Those chosen were: Honorary Vice Presidents, David Robertson, William A. Herron, B. F. Jones, Andrew Carnegie and Boyd Crumrine; President, Rev. A. A. Lambing; Vice Presidents, Leona H. Eaton, Rev. M. M. Sheedy, Thomas Harper, Dr. John Morrison, Daniel T. Johnson; Secretary, William T. Lyon; Treasurer, William R. Thompson; Committee on Papers, L. H. Eaton, Rev. M. M. Sheedy, Thomas Harper and Miss Marie G. Eaton.

The first paper was by Thomas Harper, on "Product of a Prehistoric Workshop." It was a description of a number of specimens from an ethnological collection possessed by Mr. Harper and now on exhibition at Carnegie Hall. They included relics found in mounds, utensils of ancient races, inscriptions on stones and other interesting relics.

Dr. Frank H. Wade read a paper on "Western Pennsylvania's Most Ancient Inn and Its Distinguished Guests of the Olden Time." The inn in question is a square, two-storied stone building located at what is now Remington station, on the Fort Wayne Railroad, in Beaver county.

It was erected at the close of the Revolutionary War by Captain Ephraim Sholes, an old Revolutionary soldier. It was built for an inn, and for many years was used for that purpose. It was called the American Eagle. Most of the distinguished heroes of the Revolutionary War and for years afterward at some time sojourned there. William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay and others of the notables of their days talked politics over its tables as they drank their ale or cider. When it ceased to be of use as an inn it served various purposes, and to-day it is used as the United States postoffice at that place.

Recitations by Miss Inez Barber and music by Miss Bessie A. Stark added zest to the meeting.

From, *Record*
Allegheny Pa
 Date, *8/12/1898*

HISTORIC GROUND.

PLACES OF PROMINENCE WHEN
 WILD INDIANS ROAMED AT WILL.

THE VALLEY OF THE BEAVER.

A Quaint Old Community, Rich in
 Associations of Early Day—Reminiscences of Sam Brady, the Scout; Aaron Burr, Block House Run, Logstown, Etc.

Special Correspondence The Record.

Beaver, Pa., Aug. 12. — Skirting the placid Beaver, near its mouth, is the little village of Bridgewater, noted for its natural beauty and its historical associations. It is the prettiest spot in the Beaver valley, which abounds in picturesque scenery. On the north side toward New Brighton and Fallston flows the rugged little stream called Bradys run, named after Col. Sam Brady, the famous Indian fighter and government scout. The little run winds in and out between the towering hills, which might well be called mountains, flowing now over smooth table rocks, again rippling in scintillating ripples over a pebbly bed and then silently and slowly moving over a smooth, sandy bottom to the river. In its waters, clear crystal, can be seen minnows dart-

ing hither and thither and occasionally a crab, which has left its snug little nook under a convenient rock and wandered forth in search of food. And sometimes in the deeper pools one may catch an eel or a "chubb."

Along its banks grow the gorgeous saffron-hued daisy, black-eyed Susan and its lovely sister, pure white. And one may gather armfuls of the feathery maidenhair fern, or the more substantial kind that grows to a height of sometimes three feet.

The scene is one of nature's finest paintings, and one need not be an artist to appreciate it. Every day during the summer months you will find gay parties of picnickers among the trees on either side, and the little ones, minus their shoes and stockings, wading to their hearts' content in the warm, caressing waters of the stream. And what screams and shouts of laughter one hears from the merry, light-hearted children as one of them, more venturesome than the rest, slips on a moss-covered stone and is precipitated into the stream, only to be fished out by anxious parents and laid on the grass to dry.

Part way up the run is a deep pool, which old settlers will tell you is the "Bloody Spring," and the story you hear is this: One time, when Col. Brady was on a scouting expedition for the government he ran across a man living a short distance below Pittsburg whose house had been burned to the ground and his wife and family carried off by Indians, that had been skulking about in that vicinity several days before.

The man was almost frantic with grief and could only be prevented from pursuing them at once and single-handed by the entreaties of Brady. Enlisting two brave men of the settlement the four started in pursuit. They tracked the Red men to Brady's run and came upon them while they were sleeping. Each of the hunters chose an Indian, covering him with his rifle, and at a given signal fired, every bullet doing its work.

Flinging their guns to the ground they sprang upon the savages, who were stupefied from the sudden awakening, and with their knives soon dispatched them.

The white woman and children were found to be unharmed, although ill from terror. From that day the spring has borne the name of "Bloody."

Many stories are told of Brady's celebrated feats of strength and skill and his marvelous heroism and bravery by the older inhabitants of the Beaver valley. In an interview with Mattison Darragh, one of the earliest settlers of Bridgewater, he told me that he, in company with Mr. Frank Porter and another gentleman, all young men, had at Pittsburg, one day, been given charge of Gen. Brady, a brother of Sam Brady, and an officer in charge of the fort at Detroit. They were to bring him by steamboat to Bridgewater, and there he was to take the stagecoach. Several of Pittsburg's prominent men were with the general while in the city and entertained him royally. Mr. Darragh said that Gen. Brady impressed him as a very modest, reticent man, of a kindly nature.

The conversation many drifted around to Sam Brady, and on this topic the general grew reminiscent. He told the following story:

At one time his brother, taking him along, was on his way to the block house, which was situated on Block House run, below New Brighton. His only baggage was his rifle and a jug of whisky. They were in a rowboat, and in turning out of the current of the Ohio river into the Beaver, nearing their journey's end, the boat capsized and the entire contents were upset into the river.

"My brother," said the general, "was an expert swimmer and he immediately struck out for—now, my friends, what do you think Sam reached for first?" Several of the gentlemen guessed that the general himself was his first thought; others supposed the rifle.

"No, gentlemen, he grabbed the whisky jug. He knew I would not drown and that the rifle would sink, and he could easily recover it by diving; but the jug would float away if he did not secure it quickly."

The old block house is still standing, and is quite a landmark to the inhabitants of the valley.

There has been some controversy over the exact location of Logstown, a settlement on Legion run, a stream so-called because Anthony Wayne there camped his legion of scouts in the government service. Many claim it to be on the left-hand side coming down the river from Pittsburg, about where Woodlawn now is, but Mr. Darragh informs me that Gen. Brady, who had been there several times with his brother, told him it was on the right-hand side, below Economy. It was at this famous little village that Washington once stopped over night.

At the mouth of Brady's run stands a house which some people claim is where Aaron Burr lived and kept a store while his men were building a boat on the river preparatory to going on an expedition to Mexico. The house, which was made of logs, has been clapboarded and remodeled, until today it is a specimen of the modern home. But to all older residents of Beaver county it is still the "Burr" house, and it is with great pride that it is pointed out to visitors.

The picturesque little village of Bridgewater was in the earlier days the most aristocratic portion of the county, but the high water has driven most of the older families to the neighboring towns. Several of Pittsburg's older citizens at one time lived in this little town, some of whom are the Greens, Holships, and the Jones families.

In 1884 the Beaver overflowed its banks and flooded everything, rising to within a foot of the high ceilings of some of the old houses along its banks.

JOSEPHINE COOPER LESLIE.



